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BALLADS,

FOUNDED ON

AYRSHIRE TRADITIONS;

WITH

MINOR POEMS AND LYRICS.

BY J. D. BROWN,

AUTHOR OF THE "BARD OF GLAZERT."

"Of Brownys and of Bogilis full is this Buke."

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

KILMARNOCK:

MATHEW WILSON, 2, KING STREET;

AND JOHN KELLAHIN, TOWN'S BUILDINGS, KING STREET.

EDINBURGH: OLIVER AND BOYD.

GLASGOW: JAMES LUMSDEN AND SON.

MDCCCL.

KILMARNOCK :—MATHEW WILSON, 2, KING STREET.

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WILLIAM DOBIE, ESQ.,
GRANGEVALE,
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IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

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WILLIAM DOBIE, ESQ.,
GRANGEVALE,
THIS VOLUME
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THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

Few counties in Scotland possess more valuable Traditions than Ayrshire; and though Burns and others have embellished a number in Tales and Ballads, much remains unsung.

The Author has endeavoured to transform a few into Ballad style; and how far he has succeeded in doing so remains with the reader to judge.

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BALLADS,

FOUNDED ON

AYRSHIRE TRADITIONS.

THE DEATH OF KING COIL.

THE death of King Coil is supposed to have happened 300 years before Christ. At that time Scotland, or, as it was anciently called, Albium, was inhabited by three separate nations;—the Scots, who are supposed to have emigrated from Ireland, and who inhabited the Æbudæ Islands, (the Hebrides,) and who had formed several colonies in the mountainous parts of Scotland; the Picts, who, according to Bede the historian, were a colony of Scythians, inhabited the eastern shores contiguous to the German sea; and the Britons, who inhabited Strathclyde and the southern parts of the island, and who appear to have been in advance of the other two nations in civilization, having an organized government and a king called Coil, or Coilus. The Picts and Scots having had several petty variances, and living always in mutual suspicion or fear of each other, “the Britons,” according to Buchanan, “being enemies to both parties, gladly seized this opportunity of fomenting their dissensions, and freely offered aid to the Picts, even before they desired it, against the Scots; which, when the latter perceived, they applied elsewhere for assistance, and procured a foreign king to assist them against the threatened danger. The commanders of the islanders being almost all of equal authority, and disdaining to elect a chief from among themselves, Fergus, the son of Ferchard,

was sent for with forces out of Ireland, as the most eminent person among the Scots, both for advice and action. By the public consent of the people he was chosen king; but while preparations were making for a battle, if need required it, a rumour was dispersed abroad, which came to the ears both of the Scots and Picts, that the Britons were acting a treacherous part, laying plots and counterplots equally pernicious to both nations, and that in the event of a battle they would turn their arms upon the conquered and conquerors alike, in order to destroy both, or drive them out of the island, that they might themselves enjoy the whole. This report made both armies doubtful what course to take, and for a time kept them within their respective trenches. At length this brought a treaty, and the secret fraud of the Britons being made manifest, peace was concluded, and the three different armies returned home. The Britons failing in their first project, had recourse to another stratagem. They sent in robbers secretly amongst the Picts to drive away their cattle; and when the injured party demanded restitution, they were told to seek it from the Scots, who were accustomed to thieving and plundering, and not from them; thus their messengers were sent away without satisfaction, and the affair was treated as a matter of derision. The fraud of the Britons being thus fully discovered, the late reproach incensed the hearts of both nations against them, more than the remaining grudges and resentments for their former conduct, and, therefore, levying as great an army as they could, the two kings invaded their coasts in different directions, and after ravaging the country with fire and sword, returned home with a great booty. To revenge this loss, the Britons penetrated into Scotland as far as the Don (Doon), and having filled that part of the country with greater terror than loss to the inhabitants, pitched their tents upon the bank of the river. Fergus first sent the women and children with every kind of moveable property into the mountains and other places of security; after which he guarded all the passes till the Picts came up, with whom he at length joined his forces, and communicating counsels one with another, they

resolved to make a diversion, and lengthen out the war, by making an incursion with their troops into the enemy's country, and so weary them out. But Coilus, the king of the Britons, understanding by his spies the cause of their delay, sent five thousand men before to lie in ambush in the upper grounds, while he determined to lead the rest of his army directly against his opponents. The Picts, however, being made acquainted with this movement, again consulted with the Scots, and, by way of prevention, it was agreed to assault the camp of the Britons by night. Accordingly, drawing out their forces, the Scots in the front, the Picts in the rear, they attacked their enemies before day; and by this means made a great slaughter of the Britons, who were taken by surprise between sleeping and waking. In this battle Coilus himself fell, with the greatest part of his army, and the place, from him, became famous under the name of Coyle, or Koylefield."

In a recent publication, "The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire," a full account is given of the "discovery of sepulchral urns in the grave of King Coil," which was opened on the evening of the 29th May, 1837; thus settling the identity of the fact that had been handed down from generation to generation as a tradition, respecting the resting-place of the ashes of the king of the Britons.

THE autumn came in its robe of brown,
 And the wild flowers died away,
 And the leaves of the forest rustling fell,
 By winding glen and brae;
 The frosty breezes blew
 Over the withering plain,
 Where, like autumn leaves, brave warriors lay,
 In bloody battle slain.

The stream in the vale o'erflowed its banks
In a red and roaring flood:
Lo! the clouds rolled guiltless far above;
It was with warrior's blood.
'Twas yesternight arose
The mighty battle cry,
And the sun was up in the purple east
Ere the shout of victory.

The moon looked down on the battle field
Where the work of death went on,
And lit up the scene while the British king
With his host was overthrown.
The warriors lie thick
Upon the bloody field—
The valiant in heart and the strong in arm,
Whose proud souls scorned to yield.

The Britons came in their war array
From the southern heathy hills,
And their march was over the mountains high,
And over the rushing rills.

They came and were encamped
 Beneath the crescent moon,
 In the depth of the forest, stretching far
 Along the banks of Doon.

For the hardy Pict and haughty Scot
 Had plundered their wide domains,
 And burned their villages with fire,
 And herdless left their plains.
 They came to be avenged
 Upon their plundering foes,
 And many a warrior resting lay
 Beneath the pine tree boughs.

The red-haired Pict in his wilds had heard
 Of the Southernns gathering near,
 And he arose with his yew tree bough,
 His targe and battle spear.
 The "Cran-Taraidh"* had passed
 By hill and stream and vale,

* The Cran-Taraidh, or Fiery Cross, the beam of wood dipped in the blood of a goat, and borne over hill and valley by runners, was the signal for immediate preparation for war.

And the gathering notes of the trumpet loud
Were heard in every gale;

And the Druid by the Cromlech* stood
To greet the sun's first ray,
And offered a human sacrifice
Up to the God of day;
And on a hundred hills,
By the grey rocking-stones,
Knelt the Pictish warriors, offering up
Their morning orisons.

And there was a gathering 'mong the peaks
That the clouds of heaven embrace,
Of the stalwart Scots from their mountain homes,
A free and fearless race.
Ben Nevis and Ben More
Echoed their shouts afar,
As they left the rocks that the eagle loves,
And hurried to the war.

* Cromlech, a druidical altar.

And the beacon fires were lighted up
 On many a mountain high,
 And gleamed afar in the dusky night,
 Like meteors in the sky;
 The hunter left the chase,
 The shepherd left his flock,
 And bounded away to join the host,
 O'er moor and rugged rock.

And the fleet red deer in the forest fled,
 As the mighty host drew nigh,
 And the eagle, from his cloud-capped rock,
 Sprung screaming in the sky;
 And amid the forest pines
 Their onward march was heard,
 Like the thundering voice of angry storm,
 When the forest all is stirred.

And the Picts and Scots together joined,
 By the Druid oak-clad mound,
 And their serried ranks encompassed
 The British camp around;

And when the sun was set,
As the silver moon arose,
They shouted aloud their battle cry,
And rushed upon their foes.

And the startled Britons bounded up,
And the work of death began,
And brave King Coil, with sword and shield
Fought bravely in the van;
And, with a dauntless heart,
'Mong the foes he hewed his way,
Till the bravest of his warriors true
On their death-beds round him lay.

And the moon was midway in the heavens
When the British host gave way,
For there was a tumult in the rear,
And a cry of wild dismay.
Lo! an ambuscade arose,
With bow, and spear, and shield,
Encompassing the British host
Upon the fatal field.

And a band of warriors tried and true
 Were gathered around King Coil,
 And loudly they cried, "Brave king, escape
 By yon forest's dark defile;
 And we will guard the pass
 Till the dawn of coming day;
 For the field is lost and our noble chiefs
 Lie lifeless on the clay."

But he raised his hand for silence then,
 And he coldly on them frowned,
 And aloud he cried, "Ye warriors brave,
 Let the charging trumpet sound;
 For, ere the sun arise—
 Ere the dark night be gone,
 This arm in death will nerveless be,
 Or the field will be our own.

"Let our scattered ranks be gathered in,
 We'll merrily charge the foe,
 And foot to foot, and hand to hand,
 Deal death in every blow.

And if the field be lost,
Amid the battle spoil,
Where the dead lie thickest on the plain,
There will they find King Coil."

And aloud the gathering trumpet pealed,
And louder the tumult rose,
And brave King Coil with his valiant band
Dealt death among his foes,
Till overwhelmed he fell
On the red battle field,
With shivered sword and splintered spear,
And cloven helm and shield.

And the sun at morn shone o'er the plain
As the victors gathered spoil,
And among the thickest of the slain
They lifeless found King Coil!
The broken British host
Discomfited had fled,
Leaving thousands of their ranks behind—
The dying and the dead.

And the victors lifted up King Coil
From amid the bloody slain,
And laid him on a funeral pile
Raised high above the plain.
The pile was lit at noon,
And the red flame arose,
And loudly sung was his death song
By his brave warrior foes.

And over his ashes high they reared
For their noble foe a mound,
And he sleeps upon the battle field
With his slaughtered host around.
Pass not the warrior's cairn
Without adding to the pile;*
For the Britons ne'er had a braver king
Than gallant "old King Coil!"

* It was a custom with the ancient Caledonians or Scots to raise cairns over their chiefs who fell in battle, and by these mounds the real fame of a warrior was known. The greater his deeds of valour, the greater the cairn or pile. When a friend was comforting a dying chief, it was customary to say, "I will add a stone to your cairn."

TAM GIFFEN.

ABOUT the middle of the last century, Thomas, or as he was popularly called, "Tam Giffen," resided, or I may rather say wandered, in the parishes of Kilbirnie, Beith, and Dunlop, as a mendicant. He is reported to have been a stout-built man, of a sourish turn of mind; and was in the habit of giving laconic, mysterious answers to those who dared to ask him questions. Much superstition abounded in the country at that time; and "Tam's" aspect, which was remarkably forbidding, together with his strange disposition, soon attracted the awe-stricken attention of the simple peasantry, who went so far as to call him a *Warlock*. Tam, with the shrewdness of a crafty mind, made use of this folly and superstitious fear for his own aggrandisement; and few, after a time, dared refuse him an alms, from his "uncanny" notoriety. Of the many strange and unaccountable stories still related of him, I will narrate the following:—

One day, when the water of Lugton, which separates the parishes of Beith and Dunlop, was rolling "from bank to brae," and the holms were in a flooded state, Tam was observed on the opposite bank by some people. Happening to lose sight of him for a few minutes, what was their astonishment to find Tam standing beside them, high and dry, although the water was more than thirty feet in width, and no bridge nearer than two miles! To the hurried question, how he got across, he quickly replied—"Hoo, I didna come across at a', I was in a hurry, and just came through below it."

At another time, a remarkably pious man, in the parish of Dunlop, during a high gale of wind ascended to the roof of his house, which, according to the custom of the time, was of thatch; laid a number of stones and sticks on the roof, to

prevent the wind from blowing the thatch away; and while on the roof, according to his own account, a tremendous whirlwind swept round and nearly overthrew him. He mentally ejaculated, "God save me," and held on by the rigging. His bonnet and wig were blown away—where, he could not tell. Next day, after the storm was abated, he went again on the roof of the house, to mend the damage which had been done. Looking down, he perceived "Tam" standing at the foot of the ladder, and surveying him with a most sinister gaze. "Ye held on weel yesterday," exclaimed Tam; "gin ye hadna whispered, 'God save me,' we wad ha' blawn ye doun, but we took awa your wig and bonnet: gae awa doun to the well in the meadow, and ye'll get them lying there, aside the sauch bush." The man accordingly went, and, in the exact spot, found his wig and bonnet.

An honest blacksmith, one evening, going to weld two pieces of iron together, called on his apprentice, who was reported to be a *heedless* youth, to come and assist him in beating the iron. After calling once or twice, and receiving no answer, he angrily exclaimed, "I may just as weel cry on Tam Giffen." "What do ye want," whispered a voice behind him, which was no other than Tam's: "I was just fleeing through the air wi' a wheen o' them that's gaun awa to dance in Kilbride kirk-yard the nicht, and I thocht I wad come in an' see what ye wanted wi' me." "Did ye come in at the door," exclaimed the astonished blacksmith. "No, I just drapped doun the lum—but I maun awa, or they'll miss me:" so saying, he instantly disappeared.

At last "Tam" was discovered lying dead on the banks of the Garnock Water, near Garrit Linn, in a wild and solitary glen, in the parish of Kilbirnie. According to tradition, he was murdered by the fairies for disclosing some of their secrets. He was buried in Kilbirnie churchyard; and his grave is still pointed out to the curious.

AUL' grannie sat carding her woo by the fire

On a caul' winter eve; and, as midnight drew nigher,

The bairns gathered roun' her, and quitted their glee,
To list to a tale: mony aul' tales had she
O' brownies, an' spunkies, an' wee merry men,
That dance in green jackets a' nicht in the glen—
O' ghosts an' wild spectres, in aul' castles grey,
That haud their wild revelries till break o' day.

In a circle aroun' her the wee bairnies drew,
An' eerie they leuked at the fire burning blue,
Nae whispering was heard when aul' grannie began
Tae tell o' "Tam Giffen," the wild warlock man:
Lang, lang in the warld woned warlock Tam,
Nae ane could tell frae what kintra he cam,
He seemed like a stranger on earth left forlorn,
And some said he ne'er in the warld was born.

He wandered the kintra, east, north, south, and west,
And gaed aye to ca' on them wha used him best!
Alane in some glen he at morn nicht be seen,
But nae ane kent whar he might be or 'twas e'en:
Pale, pale was his lank cheek, but dark lowered his brow,
An' his black e'e seemed glancing wi' unearthly lowe,
He lauched at the sorrows that made ithers weep,
An' never was he kent to slumber or sleep.

In through the key hole, or doun through the lum,
When the doors were a' barred, he at midnight wad come;
Or afar in some glen wi' the bogles wad be,
A' the dead o' the nicht, haudin' unholy glee;
Or dancing wi' fairies far ben in the wud,
Or sailing in cockle-shells far o'er the flud,
Or fleeing wi' witches awa through the air,
Or doing dark deeds that I daurna declare.

Wi' a sly noiseless step ben the house he wad come,
And set himsel' doun by the side o' the lum,
An' mutter dark words wi' a strange eldrich soun',
An' leuk as if something was steerin' aroun',
Whilk naebody ever could see but himsel'—
An' then to the folk he wad strange stories tell
O' witches and spectres, and grim goblins near,
That, flitting in corners, to him did appear.

When a tempest was brewing afar in the sky,
There aye was a wildness in Tam Giffen's eye,
An' awa out o' sight he wad soon disappear,
Crying, wark's to be dune an' I daurna bide here;

An' aften wad gude folk in terror declare
He rade in the black storm on high in the air,
Leading whirlwinds onward o'er valley an' hill,
Working mischief an' ruin to gude an' to ill.

When Tam saw a priest he grew wild as a stirk,
And never wad enter the door o' a kirk;
If ony ane near him attempted to pray,
In a moment Tam Giffen wad vanish away;
If ony by chance ever mentioned his name,
Soon, soon to their terror and wonder he came,
An' speer'd what they wanted by calling him there,
When he had got business to do in the air.

Ae nicht when a revel o' goblins had been,
Far doun in the glen on the mune-lichted green,
Tam shared in their glee, an' next morning telt a'
The wonderful things that he heard an' he saw;
Then the fairies an' goblins an' witches did meet
By Garrit's deep linn—a wild, lonely retreat—
An' wailings were heard in the dread midnight air,
An' Tam Giffen, next morning, was found lifeless there.

FAIR HELEN.

INSCRIBED TO HUGH CRAIG, ESQ.

THERE is a tradition that a Lord Semple stole away a "Fair Ladye" from the banks of the Yarrow. An old stanza, in ballad style, is all that has been recovered by Dr. Crauford regarding the tradition.—*Vide "Lochwinnoch Matters," MS. Vol. XXX.*

"O WHERE got ye that bonnie bride?
O where got ye that winsome marrow?"

"I got her where I dare not bide,
Among the downie dens o' Yarrow.

"At morning clear I roused the deer,
Beside Saint Mary's lonely fountain,
And followed far the weary chase,
By woody glen and rocky mountain.

"The mid-day sun was shining bright,
On Wonfell cone, by Etterick Water,
When, as I passed yon castle high,
I met the Baron's lovely daughter.

"I took her by the milk-white hand,
And led her from her father's dwelling;
Long ere the sun sunk i' the west,
I wooed and won my lovely Helen.

"I set her on my palfrey good,
And as she weeping rode behind me,
'Alas!' she cried, 'what shall I do
If my good father chance to find me.

"'He, with a band of armed men,
Went yesterday to Inverleithen;
And my brave brothers hunt the deer
On the green holms o' bonnie Nethan.

"'My father long for me will grieve—
My mother dear, will weep the sorest—
My brothers brave will seek for me
In Yarrow glens and Etterick forest.

“‘My loving kin will fret and frown,
 Whene’er my absence they discover;
 O little they will know I left
 Them all for thee, my stranger lover!’

“O, wo betide the weird woman!
 That lonely wons by Yarrow Water,
 Who basely told the Baron bold
 That I had stolen his lovely daughter.

“The vesper bell was chiming loud—
 The lazy monks their hymns were singing—
 When o’er the moor, behind us far,
 A warrior’s horn was shrilly ringing.

“The silver moon was shining bright,
 As past Drumneldzier we were flying;
 And loud we heard the hurrying shouts
 Of horsemen, fast behind us hieing.

“And when, in Broughton’s briery woods,
 My love and I lay under hiding,
 Her father with his armed men
 Along the heath came swiftly riding.

"O, wo betide the black sleuth-hound
That led them on where I was lying,
With Helen fainting in my arms,
And my swift dappled steed a-dying!

"I drew my good brand from the sheath,
And boldly stood before her father;
'I'm not afraid to meet you all,
Though treacherously around ye gather.'

"Ye boldy speak, ye robber knave!
But, by the shrine of our good lady!
Thy blood will dye my vengeful glaive—
Come on, young vaunter, I am ready!

"I fought them right, I fought them left,
By warrior foes I was surrounded;
When, suddenly, far down the glen,
I heard a silver bugle sounded;

"And up the glen a horseman hied—
On came another and another;
Ha! he who led the gallant band
Was Walter, my own valiant brother!

“Firm was the charge of our brave men—
 Short was the combat—wild the slaughter;
 Few of the Baron’s chosen band
 Will ere return to Yarrow Water.

“‘O hold thy hand, good knight!’ I cried,
 As on the red ground I fell kneeling;
 ‘Why should I lift my brand against
 The father of my lovely Helen?’

“‘Thou art no craven, valiant youth!
 And, by the holy shrine of Mary!
 I swear thou shalt my daughter have!
 Then get thee gone and do not tarry.

“‘My seven sons, with all our clan,
 Are gathering in the glen behind thee,
 And thy life’s blood would wet the sod,
 Young gallant warrior, if they find thee!’

“The rising sun is shining fair
 On the blue crest of bonnie Carnock,
 And, ere he sets, my love will be
 The honoured lady of Glengarnock!”

THE LAIRD OF HAPLAND.

HAPLAND is a beautiful small estate, in the parish of Dunlop, Ayrshire. It was originally the property of a family of the name of Dunlop, whose descendants are still in the parish—a branch of the Dunlops of Dunlop. The small mansion on the estate has been unoccupied by the proprietors for a long time, and is in rather a dilapidated state. Aiket Castle, about a mile below the village of Dunlop, is the oldest building in the parish, and was at one time the residence of one of the branches of the numerous Cuninghame family. It has long since passed into other hands. In Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, it appears that, on the 4th of November, 1570, William Cuninghame of Aiket was brought to trial for waylaying, with a number of confederates, and slaying "umql Johnne Mure of Cauldwell;" and there is an old tradition that, about that time, the young Laird of Hapland was induced, notwithstanding the tender entreaties of his mother to the contrary—and who likewise had a remarkable dream about him—to accompany Cuninghame in a raid against one of his hostile neighbours, where he fell, mortally wounded, in an affray on the banks of the Annick, near the village of Stewarton. The horse returned foaming and spent, having fled from the field when his rider fell.

"FORBEAR, my son, to go from thy home,

(The Lady of Hapland said,)

O! stay at home, for danger will come,

If thou join the lawless raid."

"The Cuninghame brave has sought my aid,
 And, mother, I must go;
 Of thy young son wouldst thou have it said
 He feared to meet a foe."

"Let Cuninghame meet his foes alone,
 If thou hop'st to live secure;
 True friends the fierce Cuninghame has none
 Since he slew the gallant Mure.
 His hands are red with the blood of the brave
 His treachery has spilt;
 O, follow him not, but sheath thy glaive,
 And share not in his guilt."

"'Tis dawn of day, and I must away;
 The chapel bell has been rung,
 And I will return at evening grey,
 Ere the vesper hymn be sung."

"Thou'lt never return, my son, again,
 Thou ne'er shall reach thy hall;
 For thou wilt be found among the slain,
 And bleeding thou shalt fall.

"Last night, in a dream, I saw thee ride
 Around by the castle wall,

And by thy side was a bonnie bride,
With the kinsmen gathered all;
And I turned me round to look again,
And mark thy bride so fair,
But all was gone, and along the plain
A funeral train marched there."

"I will not list to your wondrous dream—
It has got no charm for me;
To love-sick maids it may haply seem
Like a wild seer's augury.
My noble steed, at the open gate,
Chafes at the idle rein;
Farewell, I am lingering here too late—
I'll soon return again."

The sun has set in a blood-red sky,
The shadows of night come on,
And a foaming steed draws prancing nigh;
But rider, ah! there is none.
His vassals seek, 'neath the pale moonbeam,
By darkened glen and mound;
And long ere the morn, by Annick stream,
His bloody corpse was found.

THE MARVELLOUS LIGHT.

THERE is a tradition in Carrick, Ayrshire, still related by the inhabitants, that King Robert Bruce, while in the Island of Arran, despatched one of his confidential followers to the Carrick coast, to watch the most fitting time when the Castle of Turnberry, which was held by an English garrison under Percy, might be seized by surprise. The signal to Bruce and his followers was to be a fire kindled on the shore near Turnberry. Shortly after, on a dark night, a strong red light was perceived on the Carrick shore: immediately Bruce crossed the Firth with his small band of warriors, and, after a skirmish with the garrison, retired and encamped on Hadyet hill. Not long afterwards he expelled the English from Carrick. The light which guided him to the enterprise, and which blazed with so much brilliancy when first seen from Arran, gradually grew fainter, according to report, as they approached it; and at last rose from the coast, and ascended far up in the dark sky in the form of a huge ball of fire, to the wonder and amazement of Bruce and his followers. The celebrated antiquarian, Joseph Train, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, thus speaks of the marvellous light:—"It is religiously believed and reported by the inhabitants of Carrick, that the fire seen by King Robert Bruce from Arran on the Carrick coast was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year on which the King first saw it from the turrets of Brodick Castle; and some go so far as to say, that, if the exact time were known, it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient is evident, from the place where the fire is said to have appeared being called the Bogle's Brae (or Knowe) beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown; that a

spunkie (Jack o' Lanthron) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Firth of Clyde between Ayrshire and Arran; and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery." Of the "Marvellous Light," Barbour, in his quaint manner, thus speaks—

" Into that time the noble King
 With his fleet and a few mengye—
 Three hundred I trow they might be—
 Is to the sea out of Arane,
 A little farouth even gone.
 They rowed fast with all their might
 Till that upon them fell the night,
 That wax myrk up on great manner,
 So that they wist not where they were,
 For that they na needle had, na stone,
 But rowed always intill one,
 Steering all tyme upon the fire
 That they saw burning light and schyr.

* * * *

Then said the King, in great ire,
 'Traitor, why made you the fire?'
 'Ah! Sir,' said he, 'so God me see,
 The fire was never made by me.'"

Turnberry Point, in the parish of Kirkoswald, is a rock which projects into the Firth of Clyde—the top of which is about nineteen or twenty feet above high water mark. Upon this rock was built the castle, the length of which has been sixty, and the breadth forty-five feet. It was surrounded with a ditch, but that is now nearly filled up. The top of the ruin, rising between forty and fifty feet above the water, has a majestic appearance from the sea.

THE bold Bruce stood on Arran shore,
 And looked far o'er the Firth,
 Where rose proud Turnberry's grey towers,
 The castle of his birth.

He saw the rocky Carrick shore,
That once was all his own,
Held by proud Edward's vassals, who
Had seized his lawful throne.
No sigh escaped his manly breast,
Indignant as he viewed
His birth-place and inheritance,
By tyranny subdued;
But turning to his little band
Of warriors, firm and true,
He said, "We yet will win our homes,
And Edward's arms subdue.

" My friends are summoned to attend—
The tried in many a fight—
And we will cross the deep blue Firth
When flames the warning light.
High on yon rock, now growing dim
With evening's gathering gloom,
My friends will light the signal fire
That will yon cliffs illumine.
When Percy idly guards the hall,
The beacon flame will rise,

And like a flaming meteor gleam
Between the earth and skies;
Then will we haste with vengeful brand,
To win again our own,
And drive the vile usurper from
Our fathers' Scottish throne.

“ When forced to leave my father's halls
My faithful friends were few;
But there are friends in Scotland yet
To bonny Scotland true.
Though loudly rung the sleuth-hound's yell
On my departing track,
Yet many a Scottish heart will joy
In welcoming me back.”
Lo! as he spoke, far in the north,
In the dark coming night,
On Carrick shore, with ruddy gleam,
There shone a marvellous light:
And brighter rose the widening flame
That wavered to and fro—
The floating clouds grew red above,
Red gleamed the waves below.

“ Embark, embark—man every boat,”

The gallant Bruce exclaimed;

“ The hour is come, my father’s halls

By us will be reclaimed.”

And soon along the sandy beach,

Upon the wave afloat,

Filled with the hardy warriors,

Lay many a ready boat.

The word is given, to bear away,

And leave the Arran shore;

And many a gallant oarsman hangs

Upon his bended oar.

Afar they bound on broken waves

Through the dark gloom of night,

And near the rocky Carrick shore,

Where burns the marvellous light.

Not like a star of twinkling ray,

Nor like the yellow moon,

Nor like a comet’s fiery flame,

But like the sun at noon,

Shone forth the wavering, lurid light,

On sea, on rock, and plain;

The peasant thought ’twas day, and rose

To join his toil again.

Lo! as the boats approach the strand,
The red mysterious light
High in the heavens rises slow,
Magnificently bright,
Till, like a meteor in the sky
That shines with ruddy ray,
It rose above the curling clouds,
And eastward bore away.

•

King Edward's vassals fall beneath
The Scottish daring brand:
They came to conquer, but they find
A grave in foreign land.
On Bannockburn lies many a foe,
That fell beneath the glaive,
Keen, wielded by the Scottish arm,
In battle true and brave.
The bold Bruce wins his lawful throne—
He reigns o'er Scotland fair:—
The vanquished English dread his name,
Nor dare they venture there.
To win his own fair hills and plains
From the invaders' might,
The noble Bruce was guided on
By a mysterious light.

THE BLOODY RAID.

DURING the minority of James II., Scotland was thrown into great confusion through the weakness of the executive, and the ambition and turbulence of the barons. Amongst the many feuds arising out of the disturbed state of the times, that of the Stewart and Boyd families is, perhaps, the most striking. It occurred in 1439, and is thus related by Tytler, from the "History of the Stewarts:"—"Sir Alan Stewart of Darnley, who had held the high office of Constable of the Scottish army in France, was treacherously slain at Polmais Thorn, between Falkirk and Linlithgow, by Sir Thomas Boyd of Kilmarnock, 'for aul feud which was betwixt them;' in revenge of which Sir Alexander Stewart collected his vassals, and, in 'plain battle'—to use the expressive words of an old historian—'manfully set upon Sir Thomas Boyd, who was cruelly slain, and many brave men on both sides.' The ground where the conflict took place was at Craignaucht Hill, a romantic spot near Neilston in Renfrewshire. The victory at last declared for the Stewarts."—*History of Ayrshire*.

Craignaucht, or Craignaugh, Hill, is a beautiful eminence in the parish of Dunlop, Ayrshire, and about two miles east by north-east from Dunlop village. There is an old tradition that the lady of Sir Thomas Boyd died of grief shortly after hearing of the murder of her husband.

ALONG the lea a weary page

At dewy eve ran fast,

Nor stopt to answer questions to

Those whom he quickly past;

And when he came to Annick stream,
He sought no ford to cross,
But swam the pool and hurried on
Through dark Glenowther moss.

High in her hall a lady sat,
Of "wonderous beauty rare"—
Her eye was like the diamond bright,
Like sunbeams glent her hair—
And as she gazed far o'er the plain,
And marked the unopened gate,
She, sighing, said, all mournfully,
"My gallant lord comes late.

"Ha! yonder comes my little page,
And he has news to tell,
And nimbly he is speeding on
Adown the darkening fell:
O, quickly speed, my gallant page,
I'll gladden thy young eye
To tell me that my gallant lord
With his brave train are nigh."

The little page has reached the gate,
Nor sounds the porter's call;
But, in his hot and hurrying haste,
He nimbly climbs the wall—
"My lady," cries the breathless page,
"I've mournful news to tell,
My lord and all his valiant band
Before the Stewarts fell.

"'Twas dawn, and in the morning sky
The gay lark piped her song,
When by Loch Libo, in the glen,
We gaily rode along:
We dreamed not of an ambuscade
From cruel murdering foe,
No ready lance was couched at rest,
Unstrung was every bow.

"Thy gallant lord was in the van,
Upon his milk-white steed,
And over moorland, hill and dell
We spurred along with speed;

And, as we mounted green Craignaucht,
We heard a trumpet sound—
Two hundred of the Stewart clan
Encompassed us around.

“And quickly round our dauntless chief
Our hardy horsemen sprung;
Some couched the lances in the rest,
And some their strong bows strung:
And with a shout the foes came on,
Around, behind, before;
And soon the half of our brave men,
Lay weltering in their gore.

“From right to left thy gallant lord
Pursued the murdering foe,
Five of the bravest of the band
Were by his arm laid low;
Till came a treacherous Stewart round
On his swift steed of pride,
And, with an aim too fatal, plunged
A dagger in his side.

"O, lady! long and doubtful was
 The bloody, wild affray,
 And many a treacherous Stewart fell
 And, bleeding, died to-day;
 But long, alas! this bloody raid
 By many will be mourned;
 Of all who left this noble hall,
 I only have returned."

The page looked on the lady's face,
 But it was deadly pale,
 The bright glance of her eye was gone,
 She heard not half his tale;
 She only heard her gallant lord
 Had fallen in the fray;
 Her heart within her bosom died,
 She swooned with grief away.

Through the long night within the hall
 Was heard a doleful wail—
 The widowed and the fatherless
 Who mourned the fatal tale.

The morning comes, but not to soothe
The wounded bosom's wo,
To heal the aching heart, and dry
The bitter tears that flow.

"O, lay me on my widowed bed,"
The lady faintly said;
"And, when I die, O, let me be
By my dead lover laid!
My love, I'll share thy narrow bed,
I soon will meet with thee;
I come, my love, for well I know
Thy spirit waits for me.

"O, farewell, earth, with all thy charms!
Where joy no more I'll find,
My love has gone and left me, and
I cannot stay behind."
They thought she slumbered when they gazed
On her smooth cheeks so fair,
And calm her features, beautiful,
But "life was wanting there."

THE HAPLESS LADY.

A LADY sat on yonder hill,
 Singing, "O, weary, wearilie,
 The nor' wind blaws baith cauld and chill,
 And no hame for my bairn and me.

"The sleety showers fa' frae the lift,
 My heart throbs weary, wearilie;
 My deein' bairnie's cauld and stiff,
 The tear is freezing in his e'e.

"I wander through the sleet and snaw,
 My heart throbs weary, wearilie;
 And my frien's hae disowned me a';
 And there is nane to pity me.

"Thy cruel father, bonnie lamb,
 My heart throbs weary, wearilie,
 Is wedded to a wealthy dame,
 And disna care for thee nor me."

She pressed her wee babe to her breast,
Singing, "O, weary, wearilie;
And O, my wee, wee bairnie, rest,
God's holy angels watch o'er thee.

"My wee, wee bairnie, sleep, O, sleep,
My heart throbs weary, wearilie,
Thou maunna see thy mammie weep,
Wha has nae food to gie to thee."

She's rowed him in her tartan plaid,
Singing, "O, weary, wearilie;"
And on the cold turf has him laid,
Wringing her hands most piteously.

"I ance had lan's and yon fair ha',
My heart throbs weary, wearilie,
And for thy father lost them a',
And, ah! he has forsaken me.

"O that I never had been born!
My heart throbs weary, wearilie;
O that man ne'er had been forsworn!
O that I ne'er had suckled thee!

"Thy wee heart's still, my bonnie doo,
My heart throbs weary, wearilie;
Thou'rt wi' God's holy angels noo,
And O, I wish I were wi' thee!

"I've rocked thee in the sun and rain,
My heart throbs weary, wearilie;
But I will ne'er rock thee again,
For God has taken thee frae me.

"I'll lay me down on the cauld fiel',
My heart throbs weary, wearilie,
And to the warld' bid fareweel,
And tak' thee in my arms and dee.

"I'll kiss thy pale cheek and thy chin,
My heart throbs weary, wearilie;
An' O, may God forgie my sin,
An' tak' me up to heaven wi' thee."

THE ROVER'S DOOM.

IN the early part of the fourteenth century, Udolphe Ederic or Rederic, a famous Danish pirate, was wrecked, and lost, with all his daring crew, during a storm, in the Firth of Clyde;—one tradition says, on the coast of Carrick, another, that it was on one of the two Cumbræes; however, both traditions agree that, on the evening previous, far in the sea, a mermaid was heard singing a wild song, predictive of the disastrous event.

“ THE breeze is fresh’ning from the isles,
The ocean we must plough;
Go, call the gallant starboard watch
To weigh the anchor now,
And loose the broad sheets to the wind;
We’ll seek afar again,
With daring hearts and ready brands,
Our fortune on the main.”

“ O! look to yonder murky sky,”
The hardy boatswain said;
“ The moon is wandering in a cloud,
And all is wrapt in shade;

There is no starlight on the deep,
 No pilot come to guide;
 We cannot brave the Firth to-night,
 Nor battle with the tide.

“The coast to us is all unknown—
 And, list! the breakers roar;
 And rocky is the winding Firth,
 We never ploughed before.
 ’Twere better, here, by Cumbræ’s isle,
 To ride till morning break,
 Than run upon the Carrick shore,
 And lie a helpless wreck.”

The rover’s brow grew dark with ire:
 “What! speak’st thou thus to me;
 I’ll teach thee how thou must obey
 When I’m commanding thee;
 And wert thou not my brother’s son,
 These words had cost thee dear;—
 Where is thy boasted courage now,
 Thou slave of childish fear?”

“ O! thou hast seen me in the fight,
When we, off Ronan’s isle,
Seized the rich laden gallant bark,
And won the princely spoil:
Say, was my sabre idle there,
When over thee I stood,
And kept the foe at bay, when thou
Wast faint with loss of blood?

“ And tell me if I was afraid—
Well thou rememberest now,
The dreadful night a lady came
And sat upon our prow;
When rose the wild unearthly gale,
With lurid lightnings blue,
When in the yawning waves thou lost
The bravest of thy crew.

“ This eve I paced the deck alone,
And, as I mused on home,
I heard a sweet, clear singing voice,
Amid the ocean foam;

The chorus loud rang in mine ear,
 Sung with unholy glee,
'The rover and his daring crew
Will sleep to-night with me!' ”

“ Ha! thou hast listened to a song,
 By lying mermaid sung;
 Or, in thy fancy wild, hast heard
 A voice spoke by no tongue:
 Go, call the watch to spread the sails,
 The anchor heave aright;
 And breathe not to the wondering crew
 What thou hast heard to-night.”

The rover, o'er the spray-washed deck,
 Paced quickly to and fro,
 And looked up in the heavens black,
 And on the waves below;
 And with a hurried tongue he spoke,
 But, in the howling gale,
 None knew the dark words of their chief,
 Nor listened to his tale.

With wild song, heard above the storm,
The heavy anchor's weighed—
With sails unfurled to the wind,
The bark about is laid;
“ Luff, luff!” the rover wildly cries,
“ I hear the breakers roar;”—
Alas! 'tis vain, the sails are rent,
They drift upon the shore.

The midnight squalls sweep o'er the deep,
The thunder peals aloud,
And the red lightning cleaves the gloom,
Far in the sable cloud:
The dawn lights up a raging sea,
A wreck-strewn rocky shore,
And on the surging water rides
The rover's bark no more.

THE FAUSE MAYDEN.

THE fause mayden sat in ane buir—
 Licht was hir heart, blythe was hir e'e;
 An' aye scho sang, "I'll ha' ane luvver
 That wull bring yellow gowd to me."

Scho thocht na on the happie days
 Wi' faithfu' Randolph scho had seen;
 Scho thocht na on the bonnie braes,
 By Girwan, whar they aft had been.

Scho thocht na on hir broken vows,
 Nor on hir wanton crueltie;
 But aye scho sang, "I'll ha' ane luvver
 That wull bring yellow gowd to me."

Young Randolph luv'd the fause mayden—
 O, an' he luv'd hir tenderlie;
 But scho had broken a' the vows
 Scho swore to him sae solemnlie.

Young Randolph said, "My dear mither,
Gae bring my father's sword to me,
An' I'll win fame, or find ane grave,
In foreign lan's, far owre the sea.

"For O, my heart is sick o' hame,
There's naething noo can charm my e'e;
An', O, my bosom's fu' o' pain,
Sin' hir I luve is fause to me."

The flowers war bloomin' i' the valley,
The bonnie.gowan on the lea,
When Randolph took a last fareweel,
An' left his hame to cross the sea.

"O, let him gang," scho said sae cauldly,
"An' lang may he bide owre the sea,
For I maun ha' a rich, rich luvver
That wull bring yellow gowd to me."

An' whan scho heard beneath the glaive
Hir Randolph cruellie was slain,
Scho heaved nae sigh, scho shed nae tear,
But sprichtly touched hir lyre again.

Whan autumn wins blew owre the muir,
 An' withered leaves fell aff the tree,
 There cam a strange, mysterious wooer,
 And muckle yellow gowd had he.

He wadna mouthe a Christyan name,
 An' nae ane ken't whar he cam frae;
 An' sune he wan the fause mayden,
 Whate'er hir wonnerin' frein's could say.

O, black was his suspicious brow,
 An' bricht the glance o' his dark e'e,
 An' wi' an eerie voyce he spak,
 But muckle yellow gowd had he.

"O, meet wi' me beneath the mune,
 Whar bonnie Girwan rins sae clear,
 Whar nae kirk bell at eve is heard,
 An' whar nae yearthlie priest is near;

"For aft ye ha' vowed to be mine,
 An' ye are mine for evermair;
 Altho' ye would, ye canna break
 The binding vow I made you swear."

He put ane ring upon hir finger,
An' bonnie was the ring to see,
An' said, "Meet me at midnight lone,
Beneath the bonnie trystin' tree."

Scho looked a while upon hir ring,
An' O, 'twas wondrous to see;
It changed frae yellow to bluid red,
And then grew black as ebonie.

"O, come to me, my dear mither,
An' tak a kind fareweel o' me,
For I am gaun awa mither,—
This vera nicht I'll married be."

"Whar are ye gaun, my dear dochter,
Whar are ye gaun awa frae me."
"I'm gaun to meet my rich bridegroom,
At midnight, 'neath the trystin' tree."

"O, dinna gang, my dear dochter,
Or ye the errand lang may rue."
"O, I maun gang, I canna bide,
I've sworn to keep my promise true."

Scho gaed awa to the dark wud,
 But never cam scho back again;
 They socht hir lang in the dark wud—
 They socht lang, but they socht in vain.

That mirk nicht, far into the wud,
 A fearfu' revelrie was there;
 The peasants heard the horrid shouts
 That rang upon the midnight air.

An' mony eerie sights war seen,
 That flitted wildy in the air,
 An' loud was heard unyearthlie laughter,
 An' piercing shouts o' wild dispair.

THE LOVE LORN.

THOU see'st my brow is lined with care,
My scanty locks are grey,
And yet, alas! I'm young in years,
Though withering fast away.
Thou ask'st if grief my heart has seared—
What secret wo I bear?
Oh! couldst thou read my blighted heart,
Thoud'st find an answer there:

Thoud'st find an answer I in vain
Essay in words to speak,—
An answer that would freeze thy blood,
And blanch thy healthy cheek.

Forbid it, Heaven, thou e'er shouldst know
 The agony I feel—
 The wo and bitter wretchedness
 Words never can reveal.

I loved—I may not tell thee whom;
 Love filled my heart and soul—
 Love in my eyes made night seem fair,
 And all its darkness stole:
 I loved as few have ever loved;
 To her my heart was given—
 My dearest hopes—my very soul—
 And worship due to Heaven.

I need not say that she was fair,
 Or that her blessed smile
 Could in my bosom waken joy,
 And every care beguile;
 That the sweet accents of her voice
 Were sweeter far to me
 Than music, heard at eventide
 Upon the moonlit sea.

Yes, she was young and beautiful—
Light-hearted—full of mirth;
I deemed her more a thing of heaven
Than of this weary earth;
Though she might but a woman seem
To others, vain or wise,
In love, in beauty, she was all
Perfection in mine eyes.

I wooed—I deemed her heart was won;
To me her vows were given;
My own dear bride she sware to be,
By the great God of heaven;
And I was happy—I was blessed—
Too fondly I believed:
Would I had died ere I had known
She cruelly deceived!

Her vows she broke;—I was undone—
My dreams of bliss were gone,
And, in heart-rankling solitude,
I found myself alone:

And yet I loved, though she had left
 My bosom desolate;
 Although she mocked my agony,
 I loved—I could not hate.

At loss of wealth the pangs of grief
 A miser's heart may know—
 The loss of friends we dearly loved
 May fill the heart with wo;
 But, oh! the loss of her I loved
 Was deeper agony;
 I feel the bitterness of death,
 And yet I cannot die.

O! I am sad, for ever sad!
 And though I often wear
 A placid aspect, it is but
 The calmness of despair.
 Thou sometimes on my careworn face
 Mayst mark a ghastly smile—
 'Tis like a sunbeam resting on
 A lonely, ruined pile.

I have no hope;—my weary heart
Is now a withered thing,
By passion blasted, and to it
No sweet endearments cling;
My fond affections all are dead;
And yet, alas! I live,
To know that life again for me
Has not a joy to give.

LORD LYLE.

WRAITHS, or ghosts, in a co-existent state with their living representatives, are said to have been very numerous in Ayrshire long before the "age of steam." The wraith did not always confine its visibility to the person to whom it belonged—or whose exact likeness it bore. It often appeared to his friends, filling them with no small terror and dismay. Sometimes it was mute, at others, vociferous. It appeared commonly before a death, though it has been known to appear before some sudden turn of good fortune.

YOUNG Lord Lyle 's a-hunting gone

In dark Macharnoch moor,*

And lo! his mother lonely sits

Beside the castle door.

And long she waiteth his return,

And looks with wistful eye

Along the lea, adown the vale,

And on the uplands high.

The sun has crimsoned all the west

Behind Caerwinning hill,

And thick the gloom of twilight falls

On th' dewy landscape still;

* See Timothy Pont's "Cuninghame.

And yet he comes not o'er the lea,
And night is coming nigh:
The little stars are shooting out,
Far in the eastern sky.

His mother, at the castle door,
Has watched from noon in vain,
And longs, with weary tenderness,
Till he return again.

The bee has left the closing flower—
The sun has left the sky—
The bird sits mute within the bower,
And yet he comes not nigh.

“O! quickly run, my little page,
With fleet steps o'er the lea,
And when thou meetest young Lord Lyle,
O! give him this from me.”

She took a rich ring from her hand,
All wrought with golden thread,
And gave it to the little page,
And bid him run with speed;

“ And when thou meetest young Lord Lyle,
 Amid his hunting train,
 Tell him his mother’s heart is sad
 Till he return again.

“ And thou shalt run along the lea,
 And climb the warlock hill,
 And cross the ford in Annick stream—
 Stop not for brake nor rill.”

The little page has ta’en the ring
 And on his errand gone;
 And the lady, in her chamber fair,
 Hath shut herself alone.

The little page passed o’er the plain,
 And crossed the mossy rill,
 As the young moon, with silver ray,
 Rose o’er the eastern hill:

And he has met the hunting train
 Returning in great glee;
 And young Lord Lyle rides in the van,
 A joyous man is he.

He roused the deer at dawn of day,
From his green forest lair;
And many a trophy of the chase
His hardy followers bear.

They roused the red deer in the wood—
The dun deer in the brake—
And swiftly urged the noble chase
By mountain, moor, and lake.

The little page has bended low
On the green grassy wold,
And he has given to Lord Lyle
The ring of woven gold.

“O! haste, O! haste, my noble lord—
Haste with thy hunting train—
My lady fair is sorrowing
Till you return again.

“She sat beside the castle gate,
From morning’s earliest light,
In sadness waiting thy return,
Till fell the gloomy night:

“O! troubled is her weeping eye,
 And sorrowful her air:
 Haste and return, my noble lord,
 And cheer my lady fair.”

He turned upon his weary steed,
 And summoned all his train;
 “O! haste, O! haste, my merry men—
 We must return again.”

They sped along the dewy lea,
 Beneath the moonbeams bright,
 And reached the castle's frowning walls
 Ere the black noon of night;

And young Lord Lyle has sought and found
 His mother's chamber fair;
 “All hail, dear mother! why art thou
 Oppressed with grief and care?”

“O! sit thee down, mine only son,
 And listen unto me;
 O! I am sad and sick at heart,
 And all my grief 's for thee.”

" O! why is all thy grief for me?
My dearest mother, speak!
What have I ever done that e'er
Tears should bedew thy cheek?

" O! have I ever vexed thy heart,
My mother, tell to me?
I ever have obedient been
And dutiful to thee.

" If I have vexed your tender heart,
O! let these tears atone:
And O! forgive thine erring son,
Whose love is thine alone."

" Thou hast not vexed me, my dear son,
With any fault of thine:
I grieve that thou, so dutiful,
Soon, soon shalt not be mine.

" In the grey morning I arose,
Long after thou hadst gone;
I sought the glen beside the stream,
To wander there alone.

"The morning air was chill and cold—
 The stars were waning fast—
 The alder and the aspen trees
 Were sighing in the blast.

"The grey clouds sailed across the sky—
 The wild fox fled his den;
 Loud rose the murmur of the stream,
 Far down the rocky glen.

"Up from the craggy hazel brake,
 A deer came bounding by,
 And hounds were following in full chase,
 And foaming steeds drew nigh.

"I saw thee on thy coal-black steed,
 The first of all the train,
 Come, like an April shadow, o'er
 The rugged moonlit plain.

"Nor scaur, nor rock, nor brake, nor stream,
 Arrested thy career;
 My sight grew thick, my bosom swelled,
 My limbs were faint with fear.

“Thou passed the craggy hazel brake,
And crossed the foggy green,
And scaled the lofty beetling rocks,
Where man has never been.

“Alas! it was thy wraith I saw:
My son, prepare to die;
Such warnings may not come in vain
To greet a mortal's eye.”

The morning came, the sun arose,
His beams kissed off the dew
From starry flowers of loveliest dyes,
Of orange, pink, and blue.

Where is Lord Lyle, who used to greet
The rising sun's first rays?
To wander 'mong the dewy flowers,
Among the glens and braes.

They seek him in the greenwood bower,
And on the dewy lea;
And in the glen, beside the stream,
Lo! there a corpse lies he.

THE FAITHLESS BRIDE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I.

"O DREARY, dreary is the night,
And lonesome is the way;
O turn thy weary steed aside,
And rest with me till day.

"The tempest gathers in the sky—
No moon to light thy path;
And eerie moans the wintry wind
O'er yonder dismal heath."

"I will not turn aside with thee,"
The wanderer did reply,
"Tho' dark and wild the low'ring storm
Is gathering in yon sky.

"I left my father's peaceful ha',
At early dawn of day;
And, ere to-morrow's rising sun,
I must be far away,

"Behind yon wide and dreary moor
That's shrouded in the night;
And dark and lonesome is the way,
And speedy be my flight;

"For there, by Glazert's warbling stream,
A lovely maiden swore
To be my bride, when I returned
Again to Scotia's shore.

"And I have been in foreign climes,
I've paynim countries trod;
And I have fought, and thrice I've bled,
Beneath the Cross of God.

"And when I reached my father's ha',
At early dawn of day,
Oh! evil tidings reached mine ear,
That banished joy away.

“For she is now another’s bride;
 To-morrow is the day,
 When, to a wealthy baron’s son,
 She ’s to be given away.”

He reined around his sable steed,
 And urged his rapid flight,
 And soon was buried far from view
 In the deep gloom of night.

And howling blew the sweeping blast—
 The rain in torrents fell—
 And wildly spread the foaming streams
 In every lonely dell.

That night, the shepherd on the hill
 Heard, in the midnight blast,
 The prancings of a wearied steed,
 That breathless hurried past;

And, in the morning’s dawning light,
 A saddled steed was seen,
 All riderless, that rushed past
 The halls of Heseldean.

Part II.

THE morning came, and all was joy
In Aiket's lordly hall;
And there were knights and ladies gay
Holding the festival.

The bride is decked in rich attire—
A spotless robe of white,
And clustered in her yellow hair
Are diamonds gleaming bright.

And she has sought her chamber fair,
And shut herself alone;
For she is sad amid the joy—
With heart to peace unknown;

For, to a young and gallant knight,
Her virgin vow was given,
(That she would be his faithful bride,)
Before the God of heaven.

And thrice has come the pleasant spring,
 And clothed in verdure fine
 The earth, since he went far to fight
 In holy Palestine.

And there has come a wealthy squire,
 From bonny Leven side,
 And he has wooed the maiden fair,
 And she is now his bride.

And she has shut herself alone—
 To none will she impart
 The secret of her hidden grief,
 That heavy loads her heart.

For she has dreamed, last night, a dream—
 A mournful dream of wo,
 That chilled her blood, and down her cheek
 The tears of anguish flow:—

She thought, far in a pathless moor,
 Her wandering steps had strayed,
 Where dark and deep a river flowed,
 That fitful moanings made;

And dark and dismal grew the sky,
Loud, loud the north wind blew,
And wavering, in the rushing blast,
The night bird screaming flew.

As howling blew the furious blast,
All frantic grew her fear;
For wildly fell unearthly sounds
Upon her shrinking ear;—

Loud, in the horror of the night,
She heard a withering scream,
And lo! a lifeless body there
Came floating down the stream.

She knew it—ah! too well she knew,
As madly on its face
She gazed; for a mysterious light
Gleamed o'er the fatal place.

And she awoke—but terror strange
Lurks in her throbbing brain;
For, in wild fancy, still she sees
The madd'ning scene again.

And deadly pale is now her cheek—
 Quick starts her troubled eye;
 As sad she wanders forth to join
 The joyful revelry.

The marriage guests are in the hall—
 Sweet music echoes there,
 And gaily joining in the dance
 Are knights and ladies fair.

Lo! she has given her lily hand
 To the rich baron's son;
 The priest has tied the sacred knot,
 That may not be undone.

Who—who is he that sweeps along
 On yon dark courser keen—
 Swift as the bounding deer that springs
 Far in the forest green!

The snorting steed is at the gate—
 The warden stands aghast;
 For the dark rider has come in,
 Though all is bolted fast.

And he has strode into the hall—
Hushed is the music there;
All shun his glance, for keen his eyes,
Wild and unearthly, stare.

The bride has sunk into a swoon—
The guests are pale as clay;
And all aghast they wildly gaze
In terror and dismay.

Lo! he has lifted up the bride,
And borne her from the hall;
The guests like breathless statues stand,
And motionless are all.

Where is the rider and the steed?
And where the lady now?
No rider crossed the open plain,
Nor passed the green hill's brow.

Unseen they vanished—and are gone—
In vain they've searched around—
No steed, nor rider they descried,
Nor lady have they found.

The warden saw a dark-plumed knight
 Thrice round the castle turn;
 He saw him seek the festive hall,
 But ne'er saw him return.

A sable steed was at the gate,
 Whose fiery eyeballs shone;
 And ere he turned to look again,
 The prancing steed was gone.

The lady, rider, and the steed,
 Again were never seen—
 They vanished like a dream away,
 As if they ne'er had been.

Yet oft, (the rustic peasants tell,)
 In midnight's howling storm,
 When dreary winter reigns, is seen
 A furious rider's form,

And in his arms, attired in white,
 A lady fair is borne;
 And lo! he vanishes away
 At the first dawn of morn.

THE FORAY.

INSCRIBED TO A. B. TODD, CUMNOCK.

"THE red sun is setting
And closing the day;
Our chargers are ready—
Up, up, and away,
Over mountain and moor—
Through forest and moss;
The broad lands of Carrick
By star-light we'll cross."
Thus spoke the young chieftain,
And spurred on his steed,
And his gallant spearmen
Soon mounted in speed.

They rode in the grey dusk
Through Lendal's green bowers,
And soon left behind them
Armillan's high towers;

They crossed the deep Girvan,
 And mounted the hill,
 As the young moon was rising
 Behind dark Pinkill.
 "They'll start at our coming,"
 The young chieftain said,
 As he reined in his steed,
 With his hand on his blade.

"Ho! speed on, brave Roland,
 To the tower by the sea,
 The half of my spearmen
 Will follow with thee;
 Stop not at the Abbey,
 But speedily pass;
 What care we for penance,
 Priests, prayers, or mass!
 Then hie through the forest
 To deep flowing Doon,
 And we o'er the dark moor
 Will meet with thee soon.'

The young chieftain spurred on
 His swift, gallant grey,

And through brake and forest
He bounded away;
Ere midnight he halted
By Doon's crystal wave—
With his silver bugle
Three loud blasts he gave:
The signal is answered,
And soon by his side,
All harnessed for battle,
His bold spearmen ride.

“Ho! Roland, thou quickly
Hast sped on thy way:
How fared thou at Turnberry?—
Tell me, I pray.”
“We sacked the strong fortlet,
The warder we slew,
And startled the English
With our wild halloo;
They follow! they follow!
As swift as the wind;
Their chargers are neighing
And prancing behind.”

"Speed onward, and harry
 Green Barbieston glen;
 Take the beeves from the lea,
 The sheep from the pen;
 Through the path in the moor
 Drive the booty away;
 On the green hill of Hadyet
 Encamp with your prey;
 Here, with my brave spearmen,
 Awhile I'll remain,
 To meet with the Saxon
 And his warrior train."

On his silver bugle
 Three shrill blasts he blew,
 That, far off at sea, scared
 The slumbering seamew;
 And deep in the forest
 The loud echoes rung,
 As he shouted his war-cry,
 And gallantly sprung
 Through brake and deep morass,
 With his hardy men,
 To meet with the Saxons
 Adown in the glen.

There's noise in the forest,
 Heard far in the night,
For the outlaws and Saxons
 Are closing in fight:
The night-bird is screaming,
 And winging away—
The fleet deer is bounding
 Afar from the fray;
And loud is the shout heard
 By mountain and glen,
Of the gallant young chieftain
 And his hardy men.

The chargers are neighing,
 The arrows fly keen,
The blood of the warriors
 Has purpled the green;
The moonlight and starlight
 Dread conflicts reveal;
Loud clashes the broad-sword—
 Bright gleams the sharp steel;
'Mid splintering of lances,
 And groans of the dying,
Lo! pale and all bloody,
 The young chief is lying.

Ah! deep in his bosom
 The cruel wounds bleed;
 Again he will never
 Remount his swift steed;
 They have borne him away
 To the glittering pool,
 With the limpid water
 His temples they cool.
 The Saxons are flying—
 He leans up to hear
 His spearmen's triumphant
 And long-echoed cheer.

“From my bleeding bosom
 My doublet undo;
 Bind on my good broad-sword,
 My trusty and true;
 And call round my spearmen,
 And dig me a grave—
 Let me sleep in this valley,
 By Doon's purling wave.
 I fought the false Southernns
 My country to free,—
 Fought is my last battle,
 Dear Scotland, for thee.

"From my hand take the ring,
Set with jewels most rare,
Give it to Egidia,
The peerless and fair;
And tell her I died
As true knight should die—
My feet to the foemen,
My brow to the sky,
My sword in my right hand,
The dying among,
With the name of my true love
Last heard on my tongue.

"'Twas eve, on Knockdolean
I wandered alone;
The wind through the birches
Did fitfully moan;
The sky was all cloudy,
And, o'er the wild heath,
There came a thick gloom
Like the darkness of death,—
It was not a dream
That stole over my brain,—
I saw a wild vision—
I see it again!

"Hence, hence from my sight,
Ye dread phantoms, away!

* * * * *
* * * * *

There's ice in my body
And fire in my brain;
That red night of slaughter!—
I see it again;
They look on me now
As they looked on me when
They shouted for mercy,
But shouted in vain."

Long mayst thou wait, Roland,
Ere thou wilt behold
Thy gallant young chieftain,
The fearless and bold;
He sleeps in the valley,
By murmuring Doon;
His death-bed was lit
By the cold silver moon.
In silence they hollowed
His lone couch of rest;
He sleeps with the cold turf
Piled high on his breast.

THE OUTCAST.

A FRAGMENT.

THIS ballad is founded on the following sketch, written by J. C. Paterson, author of "A Lay of Life and other Poems," during a tour in Kyle:—"Our attention was arrested by a thin square stone, having several initials carved on it, standing upon its edge in the centre of the morass. This, we learned, was the grave of a young woman who had perished in one of the sudden mists and storms peculiar to the uplands, about a hundred and fifty years ago. The history of the poor unfortunate, so far as we could learn, was as follows:—

"She belonged to the neighbourhood of Dalmellington; but her name, though still remembered in the district, our informant had forgotten. She had been the sweetheart of one of the sons of a farmer, who rented the extensive sheep-farm of Headmark, the steading of which is not above half-a-mile distant from the grave, on the other side of the Coil Water. Finding herself in a condition which it was necessary to conceal from her friends, she sought her path, in the middle of a winter day, across the moors to Headmark, but was refused all assistance or countenance, and driven from the door of her heartless wooer. She had again, at nightfall, to retrace her steps homewards. Fainting and weary of heart, she had

not proceeded far when a sudden mist descended and completely hid in its density all the marks by which the intricacies of the morass could be threaded. Losing her path, she wandered across the Coil, and toiled onwards at random for a short distance. The wind now began to rise, and in a few minutes blew a hurricane fierce and bitter, while the snow drove on the air thick and furiously. Unable to contend with the elements, she drew her plaid around her and sat down upon a little heathy knoll, and formed a deathbed in a wreath of snow. After the first thaw which followed, her body was discovered by some hill shepherds, who conveyed it to Dalmellington; but, from a suspicion that she had made away with herself, the superstitious feeling of the times debarred her interment in the village churchyard. Her remains were conveyed back to the spot where they had been found, and a grave was dug for her in the wild moor—untainted by the dust of mortals—almost within sight of her lover's dwelling. About fifty years after this occurrence her resting-place was opened by a Doctor Hair, who was then residing in one of the distant farm-houses, and her remains were found exactly in the state they were when first interred—the almost liquid moss in which they had been deposited having thoroughly preserved her form and dress from decay. Her features still wore an air of peculiar sweetness; and her body having been opened, the story of her wrong was found to be fully corroborated. A number of years ago, ruthless curiosity again invaded the sanctuary of the sleeper, and a portion of her hair and dress, the latter consisting of home-made tartans, were taken away, and, we believe, are still in existence. A more wild and lonely spot than this could scarcely be imagined. To the south, towering above the hills that bound Knockretch Moss, appeared in bold relief the hills at whose base tranquilly lie the waters of Loch Doon; on the east, reared high, those forming the ramparts between the shires of Ayr and Dumfries, of which Cairntable, the most elevated of the Ayrshire hills, is boldly prominent; on the north lay the Highland hills; and on the west the Lowlands

of Ayrshire, dark with wood, and bounded by the Clyde. Around us, and at our feet, stretched the dreary moss-hags and sinking quagmires, through the centre of which wandered the sluggish stream of Coil from its fountain pool, only a few yards distant; while, on a small green eminence, where formerly was a cottage and cottage-garden, shot up two dwarfish and gradually decaying mountain firs, while not a single cot was visible. No human sound came on the ear—no voice broke the still silence of death, save the wild scream of the plover and the call of the whaup. All was dreary solitude; but yet, in its very loneliness, there was something sublimely in keeping with the fate of the poor outcast.

It was a bleak December morn—

Dark clouds drove o'er the sky;

The northern winds blew chilly o'er

The marshy moors that lie

Round dark Loch Doon, where wild is heard

The soaring eagle's cry.

The sun was up; his slanting beams

Pierced not the clouds that rolled

In wild confusion in the sky,

And darkened hill and wold;

The mountain tops were hid in clouds,

All cheerless to behold;

When came a wanderer o'er the moor,
 A stranger, young and fair;
 All lovely was her graceful mien,
 And simple was her air;
 But ah! her dim eye spoke a tale
 Of heart-consuming care.

And coldly on her fragile form
 The howling tempest beat;
 Wild on the dreary wastes fell showers
 Of bitter hail and sleet;
 And rugged was the dangerous path
 Beneath her weary feet.

With trembling hand she wrapt her plaid
 Around her shivering breast,
 And turned and gazed with mournful eyes
 Far in the cloudy west;
 But ah! her eye met not her home—
 The spot she loved the best.

Her home!—no more a home to her.

Why did the teardrops start
From her vexed eye, as long she gazed,
Then turned her to depart?
Her folly long her mother wept—
It wrung her father's heart.

She sighed; her tender bosom throbbed
With anguish to the core;
Her grey-haired sire, with cruel rage,
Had spurned her from his door;
And the poor friendless wanderer wept
In sorrow on the moor.

Her lover's home before her lay
Afar down in the dell;
He robbed her of her innocence—
From virtue's path she fell;
For O! the lovely wanderer erred
In loving him too well.

The north wind howled across the moor,
On came the twilight grey;
She reached her faithless lover's home
At the dark close of day,
Toilworn and faint, with weary limbs,
For toilsome was the way.

She knocked,—her faithless lover came
And answered to her call;
Her limbs were faint, her heart grew sick,
She leant against the wall;
With cruel words he spoke to her—
The now disowned of all.

He basely turned her from his door,
And cursed her as she passed.
Oh! how can she retrace her path,
Through the snow-laden blast!
From the dark clouds that veil the heavens
The snow falls thick and fast:

The snow falls fast—loud howls the storm—
The heavens are dark around;
Her path is lost—she fainting sinks
Upon a snowy mound;
She feebly lifts her voice to heaven,
From the cold, frozen ground:—

“O Father! in thy mercy look
Upon thine erring child,
A victim fallen to passion blind,
By love, fond love, beguiled;
Deserted—all forsaken now,—
Shamed, and by sin defiled.”

“Thou know’st my weakness and my guilt—
Thou know’st my every wrong;
Why did I list with fondness to
Man’s false alluring tongue?
My heart with sorrow has grown old,
Although in years I’m young.”

“O God of mercy! God of love!
 Who all my frailty knows,
 Forgive, forgive thine erring child—
 The world are now my foes;—
 Man to his victims in this world,
 Alas! no pity shows.

“O Father! save my guilty soul,—
 Thy saving arm is strong;
 And, in thy day of love, and grace,
 And mercy suffering long,
 Forgive my father’s cruelty,
 And he who wrought me wrong.”

Her blood is freezing in her veins,
 Her voice is faint and low;
 Asrael, at the trampled flower,
 In mercy bends his bow:—
 Life’s dream is past,—her couch of death
 A wreath of drifting snow.

THE BROWNIE.

DEDICATED TO WILLIAM LOGAN, KILBIRNIE.

THE best description of this *imaginary* personage is the following, from Sir Walter Scott's introduction to the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and which exactly agrees with the traditionary accounts of him in Ayrshire:—

"The Brownie formed a class of beings distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves. He was meagre, shaggy, and wild in his appearance. Thus Clelland, in his satire against the Highlanders, compares them to

'Fauns, or brownies, if you will;
Or satyrs, come from Atlas hill.'

"In the day time he lurked in remote recesses of the old houses, which he delighted to haunt, and in the night sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family to whose service he had devoted himself. When the menials of a Scottish family protracted their vigils around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonished them—'Gang a' to your beds, sirs, and dinna put out the wee *greeshock*' (embers)."

AT the dead hour o' twal, on a wild winter nicht,

Whan the mune and the sterner in the sky gied nae
licht—

Whan the cauld drizzling haze frae the bare trees did
drap—

Whan the win whistled eerie about the lum tap—

Whan the lowe in the chimla was blinkin' and weak,
And the wee auld turf biggin maist chock-fu' o'
reek—

A voice at the winnock cried, "Rise, let me in;
I'm hungry, and weary, and wat to the skin."

We opened the door at the body's desire—

We set in a seat, and we blew up the fire;

An' lo! sic a queer sicht we ne'er saw before;

In terror, my father ran out at the door;—

But though he leuked eerie, he made little din,

And spak unco fair when my father keeked in:

"Gie me wark—a' the wages I ever will seek

Is a cogfu' o' brose ilka day o' the week."

He wasna like ane o' the puir gangrel race,

A' buskit in rags, and weel kent in the place;

But a wee withered creature, deformed and uncouth,

Wi' a wild shaggy beard and a queer thrawn mouth;

His lang tautit hair hang awa doun his back—
His een glared like *wulfire*—his wrinkled brow black;
An' his cleedin' was skins o' the thoumart and tod—
His head was uncovered, his feet were unshod.

We war scared wi' the body, and shakin' wi' fricht,
An' crap in our beds to be out o' his sight;
In the morning we raise, but the body was gane,
An' whar, we ne'er kent, for he telt it to nane;
But whan we gaed out to our wark in the morn,
He had muckit the stable, and thrashen the corn,
And brought doun the kye frae the hill to the byre,
An' carried the water, and ment up the fire.

A lang towmont and mair a' the labour was dune,
In the fiel's and the house, by the licht o' the mune;
An' we were a' happy—we had little wark—
The Brownie wrought a' our big jobs in the dark:
The corn an' the bear he took owre to the mill,
And gathered the sheep in the fauld on the hill;
He catched the fleet hare as she fled frae her den,
An' made tame the wild flichts o' the bonny muirhen.

But the priest o' the parish, sae godly an' richt,
Gat word o' the wark that was dune i' the nicht,
An' cam to our mailin, and made muckle din,
'Bout the corn that was winnowed wi' ungodly win.*
We watched for the Brownie to tell him to gae—
We watched a' in vain till the coming o' day:
'Twas strange if the creature gat word o' his crack—
Frae that day to this day he never cam back.

* Long ago, the minister of Kilbirnie used to debar all persons from the Sacramental Table who winnowed their corn with fanners.

THE MERMAID.

A CARRICK LEGEND.

ON a summer eve, in the Maiden's Bay,*
Young William sat listening a lovely lay;—
'Twas not from the glen, nor the greenwood fair—
'Twas not from the beach, nor the deep coves there—
'Twas not from above, in the dewy air,
That the music came so plaintive and clear;—
It was from the deep, all cradled at rest,
With the beauty of heaven upon its breast.

The warm summer sun his bright glances threw
O'er the lofty summit of Goatfell blue;
And the clustered clouds, far in upper air,
In loveliest colours lay painted fair—

* Maiden-Head or Maiden's Bay; a beautiful bay between
Culzean and Turnberry, in Carrick.

Deep crimsoned and fringed with a purple huc,
Like fairy isles set in an ocean blue;
And on the deep sea, so bright and serene,
No bark was afloat, and no boat was seen.

Young William sat, charmed with the thrilling song,
Chanted afar the sea caverns among;
And the words fell soft on his ravished ear,—
“O it is happy and blest to be here:
It is lovely on earth, in greenwood bowers,
To wander at eve ’mong the dewy flowers;
But sweeter and happier far to be
In the coral groves of the crystal sea.”

Young William has launched his light, tiny boat—
He has rowed from the shore on the billows afloat—
He is far on the deep, and pauses to hear
The sea-siren singing her song soft and clear;
He heeds not the ominous change in the sky,
That tells the wild fury of tempest is nigh;
He heeds not the darkness that spreads o’er the sea—
His soul is entranced with the wild minstrelsy.

The dark night has come, and the gale from the west
Is ploughing deep furrows in ocean's lone breast;
'Tis morn; but no boat is afloat on the main—
Young William will ne'er roam the woodlands again.
Bold fisherman, heed not the mermaid's sweet lay,
Row your boat to the shore, she lures to betray;
She sings, to ensnare you, her wild minstrelsy,
When the tempest-king rides on the treacherous sea.

MINOR POEMS.

MINOR POEMS.

THE SEPARATION.

A FRAGMENT, FROM THE "BRIDE OF CARRICK," A
LEGENDARY M.S. POEM.

'Tis evening, the mavis sings in the green bushes,
The sunbeams from mountain and rock fade away;
And the clouds in the west are all red with the blushes
Of eve, as the night dons her mantle of grey;—
The breeze from the west has deep wrinkled the ocean,
And stirred the green leaves of the forest in motion,

And loud in the glen is the song of the rill;—
The dew is a-falling, night's shadows are creeping
Abroad in the valley, where flow'rets are sleeping;
The broad morn is climbing the dark eastern hill;
And the bright star of eve, with silvery light,
Gleams like a rich gem on the dark brow of night.

The cowslip has folded its beautiful blossom—
The blue-bell and daisy hang ladened with dew—
The thin mist 's asleep on the lone valley's bosom,
And the steep Crag of Ailsa is lost in the blue.
The sea-bird has winged its long flight o'er the billow,
To roost on the deep with a wave for its pillow,
Where his lonely night-watch keeps the mariner
brave;
And the mast of the fisherman's light tiny bark,
Beckons up the fresh breeze that sings o'er Ben-na-
darch,
Afar in the west where the mountain pines wave.
The gloom gathers thicker o'er land and o'er sea,
And louder the breeze sighs aloft in the tree!

Who climbs o'er the hill, and descends in the valley
Alone? She comes near—her soft step is unheard;

So lightly she trips where the daisy and lily

Hang bathed in the dew on the green grassy sward.

Is it an illusion? So graceful and airy

She speeds through the glen like a light-footed fairy.

She comes! Lo! she breathes—no illusion is this;—

And “how passing lovely!” Ah, Heaven! she seems

As fair as aught fancied in poet’s sweet dreams,

When musing of beauty in regions of bliss.

Nought on earth is so lovely and heavenly fair.

She sighs! Can her bosom be laden with care?

She has come to the beach where the white wave is
dashing,

And her eye wanders far o’er the billowy deep;

The tide ’s in the bay, and the cold spray is washing

The rock that she stands on—so giddy and steep.

She has looked long in vain. Oh! she cannot discover

The bark where, alas! they imprisoned her lover;

At morn it was riding far down in the bay,

But the white-flapping sails caught the breeze from
the west,

To waft her afar on the ocean’s rough breast;

And the bark with her lover has vanished away.

She kneels—she looks up in the blue starry sky.

Oh, Heaven! how sad was that heart-piercing cry!

She has sunk on the cold rock—all helpless—reclining,

Her eye-lids are shut, and her dark flowing hair

In the night breeze around her fair neck is twining;—

Oh look! her fair features are fixed in despair.

Oh! raise her up gently. Will ever again

Her breast heave with life, and her heart throb with
pain?

Will e'er she awake from that long trance, to feel

The pangs that wound deeper than hate-thrusted steel?

Will e'er her sweet breath through these parted lips
flow,

Where her white teeth are seen, like the unsullied
snow?

Will e'er the blood come to that pale cheek again?

She lives—her limbs quiver—she wakens to pain.

How deep was that sigh from her bosom that stole,

As memory opens again in her soul!

Her eye wanders wildly, her mind is astray,

To her home bear the heart-broken maiden away!

THE FALSE ONE.

I WINNA try to clud thy bliss,
An' bring the saut tears to thine e'e,
Tho' thou hast wrecked my joy in life,
In breaking a' thy vows to me,—
Tho' thou hast broke my trustin' heart,
Nae words o' caul' reproach I'll gie;
Then listen to me, ere we part,
'Tis a' I noo daur seek o' thee:—

A fairer ane is noo thy bride—
Thy wedded wife she soon wull be;
May she, like me, whate'er betide,
Be looin' aye, and true to thee.

An' mayst thou hae that peace o' mind
That never can return to me;
My love o' thee aft made me blind,
An' love—fond love—has ruined me!

It surely was a foolish dream
O' me to think thou wad be mine;
When hours o' bliss, by Glazert stream,
I gaily spent wi' thee langsyne.
But oh! I dinna rue the love
That my fu' heart aye bore to thee;
For angels in the heavens above
Micht envy what thou wast to me!

An' dearer yet art thou to me
Than truth's sweet language can reveal:
Yes; tho' anither's sune thou'lt be,
She ne'er can loo thee half sae weel.
But oh! I winna leeve to see
Thy fast approaching bridal day;
Caul' in the grave I sune wull be,
Released frae a' my earthly wae.

Whan her puir mither is nae mair,
Our guiltless bairnie thou maun take:
Oh! tend her wi' a *father's* care,
An' loo her for her mither's sake.
Tak' pity on her infant years,
Mak' a leal *father's* heart her hame,
Whan nae mair drap a mither's tears,
O'er her dear child o' love and shame.

An' fare-thee-weel! we noo maun part!
The mune is risin' o'er the hill;
An' thou maun wend anither airt,
To meet thy bride down by the rill.
Adieu! we'll never meet again!
Forget me—think nae mair on me;
For thochts o' me micht gie thee pain,
An' aft bring saut tears to thine e'e.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE TOP OF BENLOMOND.

BENLOMOND! on thy towering peak I stand,
And my companion is the curling cloud
That's wrapt around thee, like a snowy shroud,
Veiling thy proud head from the *world*. How grand
To be *alone* with nature! Distant from the crowd
Of busy mortals in the vales below
I am: yet round me voices seem to be
That fill my soul with holy awe: I bow
At nature's shrine; and, oh! would be like thee,
Benlomond! towering from the world, as free;
Veiled from the vain anxieties of earth,
That give to countless ills unhallowed birth,
And with my soul, to holy virtue given,
Like thee, hold converse from the earth with heaven.

AN ELEGY.

SHE has gone, the beloved of my bosom!

The maiden of virtue and worth,—

Like a tender and lovely young blossom

When nipt by the gales of the north.

If love from the cold grave could rend her,

She would be for aye by my side;

If virtue from death could defend her,

My lovely one never had died.

Oh! could I past moments recover,—

If Heaven would only grant this;

Oh! 'twould be a heaven to live over

With her the fled moments of bliss.

Oh! bright were the fond hopes I cherished
Ere ever I dreamt we should part;
But she's gone!—and for ever have perished
The hopes and the joys of my heart.

Oh! why was I left broken-hearted,
When the wish of my soul was denied?
I would we had never been parted,
But with my beloved had died.

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FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a stream of happiness,
 (Life's font of purest bliss,)
That cheers us even in wretchedness,
 In life's lone wilderness:
It is the healing balm of life,
 When passions fierce inflame,
The gentle soother of all strife,—
 'Tis friendship's holy flame.

Gold may delight the miser's heart,
 And win his cheerless smile—
His vain reward for every art
 Of mean, ungenerous guile;
But friendship's bliss he cannot buy,
 Though flatterers' lips may move
With hollow songs of vanity,—
 They breathe not friendship's love.

Love may delight the lover's heart,

When friendship feeds the flame;

But poisoned oft is Cupid's dart,

When friendship 's but a *name*.

There may be laughter at the bowl,

Where friendship 's not a guest;

But friendship only to the soul

Can give life's sweetest zest.

'Tis friendship sweet that closely binds

Together, as in one,

The feeling hearts—the noble minds,

Who every meanness shun.

'Tis friendship sweet that can disarm

The sting of enmity;

Without it life would have no charm—

No loveliness for me.

THE HILLS, THE HILLS O' GALLOWA'.

THE hills, the hills o' Gallowa',
 Whar bloom the heather bells—
Whar bleatin' stray the fleecy flocks,
 Adoun the misty fells—
Are dear to me, an' aye will be,
 Whare'er my lot may fa';
For weel I loo the heathy hills
 O' bonny Gallowa'.

There may be lan's beyond the sea,
 Beneath a kinder sky,
Whar myrtle groves an' spicy bowers
 Delight the wanderer's eye;
But there 's nae lan' beyond the sea,
 Which wanderer ever saw,
I loo sae weel 's the heathy hills
 O' bonny Gallowa'.

How sweet the gladsome smiles o' Spring,
 When birds sing on the tree—
When tender lambkins blithely bleat
 An' gambol on the lea!
The primrose decks the sunny brae,
 An' downy buds, the shaw;
An' gladness reigns amang the hills
 O' bonny Gallowa'.

How sweet the bonny Summer time,
 When flowers are a' in bloom—
When every breeze is laden with
 The blossom's rich perfume!
When laverocks in the deep blue lift,
 Soar warbling far awa;
An' music echoes 'mang the hills
 O' bonny Gallowa'.

How sweet, when yellow Autumn comes,
 Wi' coolin' breezes free,
Altho the caul' blast rudely strips
 The leaves frae aff the tree!

The gowden grain waves in the glens
 (Whar ripening breezes blaw)—
The vintage o' the heathy hills
 O' bonny Gallowa'.

An' sweet are Winter's healthy gales—
 The norlan breezes snell,
Which hush the music o' the rill,
 That wimples down the dell!
An' there are warm an' happy hames
 When fa's the feathery snaw,
Sae cozy, 'mang the heathy hills
 O' bonny Gallowa'.

The gallant sons o' Gallowa'—
 Warm-hearted, brave, and true;
Their lan's the lan' o' liberty,
 Nae tyrant may subdue;—
They breathe the air o' freedom sweet—
 Obey nae tyrant's law;
An' weel they loo their native hills
 O' bonny Gallowa'.

The noon beams o' the simmer sun
Stream bonny frae the sky;
The lily's tints, the rose's blush,
Are lovely to the eye;
But fairer are the bonny nymphs,
By glen and birchen shaw,
That stray amang the heathy hills
O' bonny Gallowa'.

Kind fortune, grant my dearest wish—
A wanderer's heartfelt prayer;
Gie me a resting-place amang
The heathy hills sae fair;
An' I will tune my rustic lyre,
At morn and e'ening fa',
An' sing wi' glee amang the hills .
O' bonny Gallowa',

THE INCONSTANT.

LADY with the raven hair,
And the dark idle rolling eye,
Though thou art surpassing fair,
With blushing cheeks of rosy dye;
Yet I cannot prize thy charms,
Nor, all enraptured, see thee smile—
Free to every lover's arms,
And still beguiling all the while.

Wantoning like flitting wind—
Like autumn leaves thy favours fall;
Still unstable in thy mind,
Thou hast a smile and kiss for all;—
Common sweets the taste will pall,
And gems of purest shining ray,
When too common unto all,
Soon, soon in value will decay.

O THINK NOT THIS WORLD A GARDEN OF
ROSES.

"I need not prove what each tried bosom knows,
That man is misery's heir, and born to woes."

ELLIOT.

O THINK not this world a garden of roses,
Where joy in the lap of contentment reposes,—
Where the bosom is filled with the sweet light of glad-
ness,
And the heart never stung with the arrows of sadness:
Alas! think not so;
From the chalice of wo
All must drink!

O think not this world a region of pleasure,
Where blest peace of mind is the soul's constant trea-
sure,—

Where hope is ne'er faithless, but shines on in bright-
ness.

While the glad heart rejoices in sweetness and lightness:

Alas! think not so;

From the chalice of wo

All must drink!

O think not the canker of care in the bosom

Ne'er blights the sweet bloom of affection's fond blossom,—

Where bleak disappointment ne'er chills tender feel-
ings—

Where slander ne'er poisons the heart's soft revealings:

Alas! think not so;

From the chalice of wo

All must drink!

This world 's a wild—bleak, barren, and dreary—

Where the blasts of misfortune blow lonesome and
 eerie.—

Where the life-searing blights of heart-crushing sadness

Destroy all the sweets of youth's innocent gladness:

Alas! it is so;

From the chalice of wo

All must drink!

And hope is delusive; her beam is oft clouded,
When in dark disappointment the bosom is shrouded;
And deep are the pangs that despair will awaken,
In the bosom which hope has for ever forsaken:

Alas! it is so;

From the chalice of wo

All must drink!

The pleasures of life—how few, if there 's any!
The sorrows of life—how poignant and many!
This world 's a world of change and of trial—
Life's sweets are wrung out by a stern self-denial:

Alas! it is so;

From the chalice of wo

All must drink!

HOW SHALL I WOO?

"MY lovely maid, how shall I woo,
To win thy tender heart?—
Thou seem'st all loveliness to me,
And dear as life thou art.
Thine image fills my soul alone—
My constant heart's with thee;
If thou wert not to call me thine,
Life's joys were lost to me.

"O! will I seize the battle brand,
And to the war-field hie;
And, foremost in the bleeding ranks,
Win honour there, or die?"
"Seize not the murdering battle brand—
Love all the human race;
Dare not to shed thy brother's blood—
For dearly I love peace."

“O! will I seek, in danger’s path,
The god of young and old,
To win thy heart, my lovely one,
With silver and with gold?”
“Think not, vain youth, to win my heart
With paltry yellow dust,—
The riches that I only prize
Can ne’er corrode with rust.”

“O! will I bring the poet’s lyre,
The sunny bowers among,
And sing to thee of love and joy,
And win thy heart with song?”
“The poet’s song is sweet to me,
That is to virtue dear,—
But sing no song of flattery,
Unmeet for modest ear.”

“O! will I come to woo thee, love,
In costly, gay attire,
And busk thee in rich finery,
Till envious maids admire?”

“Think not thou e’er wilt win my heart

With folly’s glittering toys,—

My soul spurns all the emptiness

That vanity employs.

“Fond youth, if thou wouldst win my heart,

Love gentleness and peace,

And bring the riches of the soul,

That virtue can increase;

Tell not a flattering poet’s lay—

Bid vanity depart,

And bring to me a bosom true,

And thou shalt win my heart.”

FAREWELL TO JOHN BARLEYCORN.

JOHN BARLEYCORN, thou warst o' d—ls,
Ere met by ranting, roving chiel's,
Aft thou hast driven me o'er the fiel's
O' luckless folly,
Then plunged me deep, head over heels,
In melancholy.

Tho' ills on ills thou aft hast sent me,
An' they were alway mair than plenty;
I dinna now misrepresent thee,
The truth I tell;
I sairly rue I ever kent thee,
Thou demon fell.

Aye, though thy praises hae been sung
By mony bards in Scottish tongue,
Till far an' near thy name has rung
 In sangs o' glee,
Thou art a foe to auld and young,
 Wha mell wi' thee.

When fashed wi' care or carkin grief,
Or crossed in love, o' cares the chief,
Fools aft rin to thee for relief
 In luckless hour,
Thou steals their senses like a thief,
 When in thy power.

For though they drain thee frae the pot,
In hopes their cares may be forgot,
Thou maks ilk ane a tippling sot,
 Soon by degrees;
The remedy is worse, I wot,
 Than the disease.

Soon want, disease, and crime assails—
Their health and constitution fails;
Thou thrusts them off from virtue's rails,
That *line* sublime,
To rot in poor's-houses and jails,
Debased in crime.

Yes! thou 'rt a thief to health and purse,—
To fell disease a faithful nurse,—
Crime's instigator,—virtue's curse,—
A traitor foul,—
A life-destroyer,—what is worse—
Thou slays the soul.

Fareweel! fareweel! John Barleycorn,
No more at noon, at eve, or morn,
I'll quaff thee frae a cup or horn—
Frae glass or bottle;
To war against thee I hae sworn—
I'll be teetotal.

OH! DINNA THINK NAE MAIR ON ME.

OH! dinna think nae mair on me,
Nor on thy broken vow, Jessy;
Try to forget that e'er we met—
Try to forget me now, Jessy;
For thinking on thy broken vow,
When thou deceived'st me, Jessy,
A pang o' grief might wound thy heart,
An' tears might dim thine e'e, Jessy.

Though thou hast been unkind to me,
I canna wish thee ill, Jessy;
An' though thou 'st broke my trusting heart,
I love, I love thee still, Jessy!
Wi' broken heart I wish thee weel,
May joy wi' thee remain, Jessy;
For sairly I would grieve to think
Aught e'er should gie thee pain, Jessy.



If we should ever meet again,
 Oh! dinna turn on me, Jessy,
Wi' kindly look, wi' melting glance,
 Thy dark bewitching e'e, Jessy;
An' dinna let me hear again
 The voice that thrills my heart, Jessy,
Nor kindle up the sorrow there
 That never can depart, Jessy.

May every day and every hour
 Bring joy anew to thee, Jessy;
Alas! they never mair can bring
 A joy to gladden me, Jessy.
That thou wilt think nae mair on me,
 Is a' the boon I crave, Jessy;
What soon will free me frae my wo
 Will be an early grave, Jessy.

1870

ADDRESS TO AUCHENBATHIE TOWER.

THE remains of this fine old ruin are situated in the parish of Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, close by the highway leading from Caldwell to the little rural *clachan* or village of How-wood or Hollow-wood. The earliest account which we have of Auchenbathy, or Auchenbothie, is by Crawford, in his History of Renfrewshire (quarto edition, with a continuation by Robertson, published in 1818). At page 82, he thus speaks of the Wallaces of Elderslie :—" I have seen a resignation of the lands of Auchenbothie into the hands of Robert, Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, an. 1398, by John Wallace of Elderslie, in favour of Thomas Wallace, his son;" and at page 87, still speaking of the Wallace family, he repeats the former statement thus :—" The first of whom (meaning the Wallaces) I have found mentioned, is John Wallace of Elderslie, who resigns the lands of Auchenbathie in favour of Thomas Wallace, his son, in the year 1398, who was author of the Wallaces of Johnston." About nine years after the preceding date, we find that Wallace of Elderslie, having obtained, by some means unknown, the lands of Fulton, which had before belonged to Fulton of that Ilk, gifted or resigned them, for some priestly service, to the " Ecclesiastics of Paisley." It is supposed that the Fultons of that Ilk removed and settled at the time on a portion of the lands of Auchenbothy. In a note appended to an article in the *Paisley Magazine*, entitled, " Some incidents in the life of Alexander Wilson, the celebrated American Ornithologist, collected in the parish of Lochwinnoch," we are informed that Auchenbothy, or

Auchenbathie, which belonged to the Wallaces of Elderslie, and which is thus alluded to by Blind Harry in his metrical history of Sir William Wallace,—

“Malcolm Walys hir got in marriage,
That Elderslie had in heritage,
Auchenbath and other sundrie places;
The second oe he was of gude Walys,”—

was a barony on which was a tower or castle, considerable ruins of which were to be seen at that time. The dimensions of the ruins of the castle at this day are as follows,—thirty feet in length, thirty feet in breadth, and the walls at the base about six feet in thickness. A part of the walls standing measure about sixteen feet in height. It must have been a place of considerable strength in the feudal ages.

MOULDERING ruin! all neglected,
Canst thou tell of ages gone,
When thy proud halls were respected,
Now so desolate and lone?
Canst thou tell the martial story
Of brave Wallace, freedom's son,
Who, on war-fields red and gory,
Scotia's independence won?

Did his footsteps e'er awaken
Echoes in thy stately halls?
Was there e'er a gathering beacon
Kindled on thy lofty walls?

Was there e'er a foe assailant,
 Led by knight of famous powers,
 Who was vanquished by the valiant
 Warriors in thy guarded towers?

Was there e'er a beauteous maiden—
 Lovely as the sunbeam bright—
 In thy halls, whose smiles did gladden
 The won hearts of many a knight?
 Tell me of the warriors hoary,
 Who, around the wassail bowl,
 Echoed their heroic story
 Of their chief of noble soul.

Mouldering ruin! desolation
 O'er thee yields his lonely sway;
 And silence mocks my fond petition,
 That in echo dies away.
 Shorn of all thy former glory,
 Solitude dwells in thy walls;
 And oblivion shrouds the story
 Of the brave who graced thy halls.

In thy towers—where oft were seated
Warriors brave and ladies fair,
Whose bright eyes to eyes repeated
Love's pure language fondly there—
Sits the night-owl, idly slumbering,
When the sun is shining high,
And, with shrieks, the lone hours numbering,
When the stars are in the sky.

Where rich strains of music swelling,
Often echoed in thy halls,
There the bat hath found a dwelling
In thy solitary walls;
And the dews of eve are steeping
Flowers, thy ruins dark among;
And the "ivy green" is creeping
Where rich tapestry was hung.

Ruin lone! I love to wander
Near thee, when the evening falls,
Where the mossy streams meander,
Singing round thy gloomy walls,

When the cooling breeze is bringing
 Odour from the moorland flowers—
When the blithesome birds are singing,
 Flitting round thy broken towers.

And I love thee, though deserted—
 Left to moulder in decay,
Like the cheerless broken-hearted,
 That, neglected, pine away.
The more I love thee, thus forsaken,
 My heart the warmer turns to thee,
And thy sad fate can awaken
 A mournful sympathy in me.

THE WEE ORPHAN LADDIE.

O'ER the lang dreary moor, when the norlan wins blaw,
Through the cauld sleety showers, the keen frost, and
the snaw,—

Wi' his wee coat in rags, and his hirplin' feet bare,
Wi' nae ane to pity when his wee heart is sair—
Nae frien' his wee tale o' unfeigned grief to hear,
Wi' a heart o' compassion and fond listening ear—
! Nae dear father nor mither to soothe or to blame,—
Rins the wee orphan laddie wha hasna a hame.

Wi' dark thocht on his brow, an' a tear in his e'e,
An' a heart fu' o' grief, whar nae sorrow should be,
A' lanely an' sair worn, by the sheltering brae,
He will sit lang an' brood o'er his heart's weary wae;

An' cheerless the lang dreary hours wear awa,
When loud o'er his wee head the cauld tempests blaw,—
“There 's few noo to pity, but mony to blame,
The puir orphan laddie wha hasna a hame.

“I ance had a hame, and a father to love,
And a mither, wha fondly did soothe and reprove;
But my father an' mither are baith in the grave,
An' I'm left noo alane life's rough battle to brave;
An' my heart has grown weary—the world is cauld—
Forsaken I'm noo by the young an' the auld,—
There 's few noo to pity, an' mony to blame,
The wee orphan laddie wha hasna a hame.

“When I stan' by the ha' o' the wealthy an' proud,
Wha kenna the want, in this world; o' gowd,
Though hungry an' cauld, I am turned frae their door,
To wander, unsheltered, by mountain an' moor.
I seek for employment, but canna get nane—
I wander in sorrow till a' hope is gane,—
There 's few noo to pity, an' mony to blame,
The wee orphan laddie wha hasna a hame.

"My father an' mither—O sweetly they rest,
Whar nae care an' nae want o' the world molest;
They kenna my grief, for they 're far, far awa,
In the lan' whar nae wild, dreary, cauld tempests blaw:
I dream o' my mither—I would I were there,
To live whar there's never cauld, hunger, nor care,—
There's few noo to pity, an' mony to blame,
The wee orphan laddie wha hasna a hame."

STANZAS.

I WOULD not be in the gay saloon
In the still morn of starry night,
Though all went merry as a tune
That stirs the bosom with delight;
Though Beauty's eyes were sparkling bright,
And Music's sweetest strains swelled there,
Yet I'd be sad; no fond delight
Would from my bosom banish care.

I would not be at the festive bowl
In the still morn of starry night,
Though laughter reigned without control,
And sportive Wit was flashing bright;
Though Fancy flew with playful flight
From Folly's ever careless tongue,
In vain to me would give delight
The empty laugh and foolish song.

But I would be in the lonely glen
In the still morn of starry night,
When the silver moon is up, and when
She showers on earth her mellow light.
Fair woman's smiles may bring delight,
The festive bowl drown vexing care,
But 'neath the bright moon's silvery light
Alone, I meet with joys more rare.

Oh! I would be in the glen alone,
In the still morn of starry night,
When the drowsy birds to rest have gone,
And shadows sleep in the moonlight;
To me come moments of delight—
To me a pleasure pure is given—
My soul unburdened wings her flight,
To roam the happy fields of heaven.

THE ADIEU.

FAIR lady! I must bid adieu:
Say, wherefore dost thou start?
Though thou art fair thou art untrue,
And we for ever part.

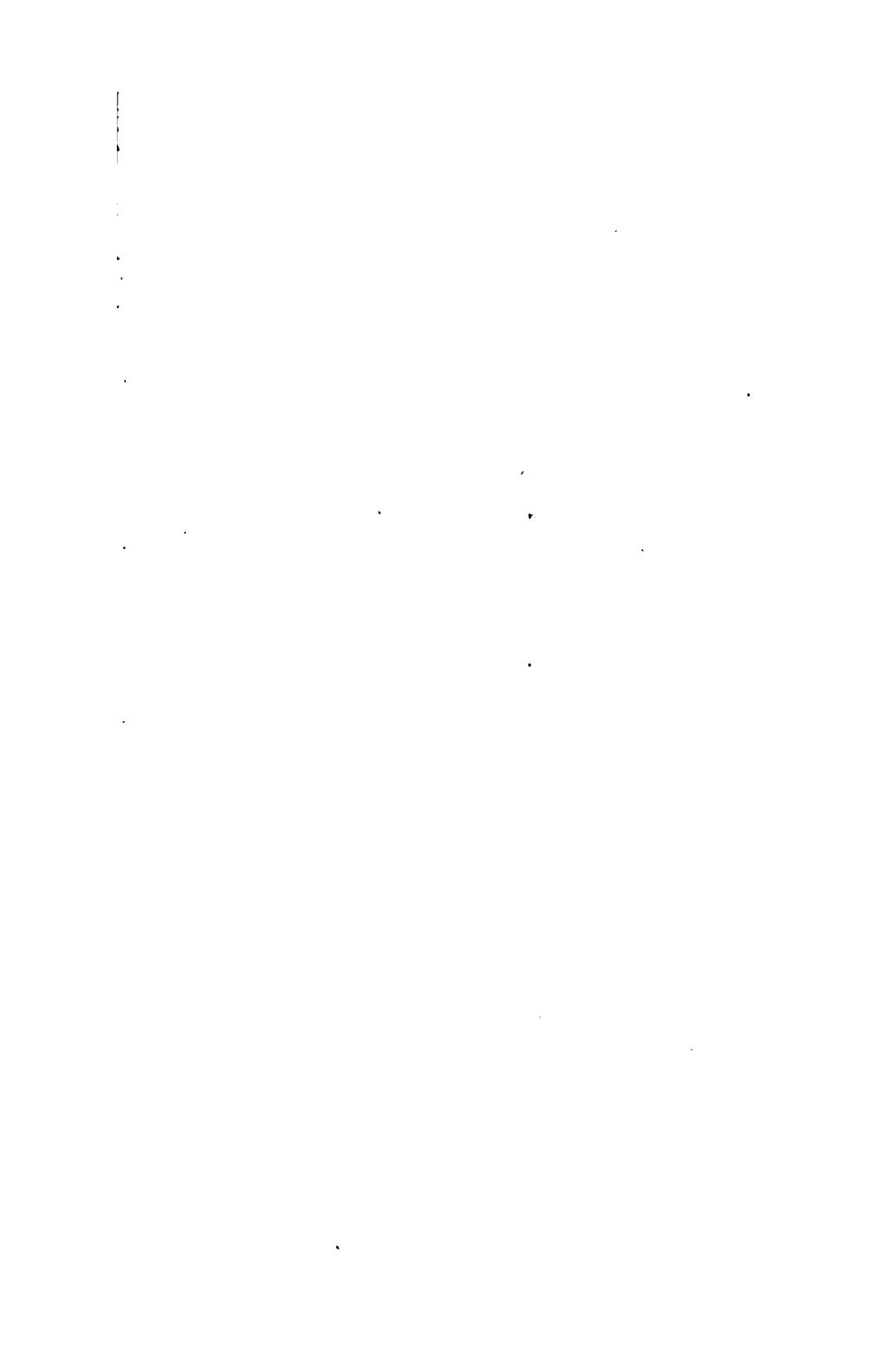
I loved thee when I thought thy heart
Was innocent of guile,
But thine was the deceiver's art,—
Why did I trust thy smile?

My breast can burn with deeper love
Than fickle hearts e'er knew,
And, like the constant turtle-dove,
Seeks for a love as true.

I may not take a fond farewell,
Nor weep a sad adieu,
For thou wert false, fair Isabelle—
Thy plighted vows untrue.

I will not droop though thou betrayed,
Nor idly sigh for thee:
I'll seek a fond and guileless maid
My own true love to be.

LYRICS.



LYRICS.

THE BANKS O' THE GIRVAN.

ON the green banks o' Girvan nae langer I'll stray,
In deep flowery glen, or on steep rocky brae;—
The simmer is past, and the autumn wins blaw,
And far o'er the ocean I noo maun awa.

Fareweel, bonny Girvan! thy clear winding stream
I aft will revisit in many a dream;—
Fareweel to the green glen, the hill, and the plain,
Whar never wi' joy I will wander again.

My dear loving comrades, for ever adieu!
With heart fu' o' fondness, I'll aft think on you;
Remembrance deep sighs from my bosom will draw,
When I am a stranger, and far from you a'.

Fareweel, my dear Jessie! a last long adieu!
Though thy vows are all broken, and thou wast untrue,
My heart will throb fondly when, far o'er the main,
I aft think on thee—though we'll ne'er meet again.

How happy the time when to meet thee I flow
O'er the green flowery braes, 'mang the clear fa'ing
dew,
By the deep winding Girvan to wander wi' thee,
When I deemed thou wast faithfu' and constant to me.

The evening has come, and the wild autumn gale
Sings o'er the green billows, and tightens the sail,
To waft me afar o'er the wide ocean blue;—
My friends and my country, for ever adieu!

AYE SPEAK THE PLAIN TRUTH.

AYE speak the plain truth
 Wi' a free ready tongue,
Whane'er you forgether
 Wi' auld or wi' young;
Be it weel ta'en or ill ta'en
 By ony frae you,
Ne'er hanker to tell
 What is upright and true;
Ne'er flatter the rich,
 Nor the vain wilyart proud,
Wha value a chiel'
 By the worth o' his gowd;
And the ane wha gaes gite
 At the hearing o' truth,
Is unworthy an honest chiel's
 Frien'ship, forsooth.

Ne'er list to a flatterer's
Weel worded tale,
For he is a foe
That wad o'er you prevail;
He 's waur than an enemy
Openly known,
Wha his envy or hatred
Has courage to own;—
When ance aff your guard,
Ah! he slyly will seek
To wound in the part
He best kens to be weak;
Wi' a smooth oily tongue,
He will smile and betray,
And blin' you wi' flattery,
To lead you astray.

By telling the truth,
Gif you meet wi' neglect,
It will be frae cuifs
Not worth your respect;
The plain simple truth
Will ne'er bring you disgrace,

When naething but honesty
Speaks in your face.
An honest man's secrets
Are simple and few,
But aye let a secret
Be sacred to you;
Add your worth will be kent
Where'er your name 's heard,
By the noble in soul,
Wha are worthy regard.

'TIS FOLLY TO BE SAD.

O SING a song of gladness,
And let us merry be;
We ne'er will droop in sadness,
Tho' fortune fickle be!
Be blithesome and cheery,
To sigh in grief, 'tis mad;
Ne'er let the heart grow weary—
'Tis folly to be sad.

Tho' fortune may deny us
Her favours for a while,
We ne'er will be envious
Of those who win her smile.
'Gainst fate ne'er feel resentment,
Wi' lightsome heart be glad;
There 's riches in contentment—
'Tis folly to be sad.

Let poverty ne'er grieve us,
 Our pleasure to destroy;
 Tho' our dearest friends deceive us,
 Ne'er let it cloud our joy.
 Be blithesome and cheery,
 To sigh in grief, 'tis mad;
 Ne'er let the heart grow weary—
 'Tis folly to be sad.

MARY, COME AND MEET WI' ME.

MARY, come and meet wi' me,
In the dusk o' gloamin,
Whan the mune is in the lift,
Mang the bright starns roamin—
Whan the caller dew's o' nicht
On the green is fa'in'—
Whan the cushet in the shaw
On his jo is cawin'.

I sall meet thee in the glen,
Whar, unseen by ony,
We sall seek the hawthorn tree,
Flourishin' sae bonny.
Come then to the bushy glen,
Swith and dinna tarry;—
Angels nicht envy my bliss,
Whan I'm wi' my Mary.

THE BANKS O' THE GIRVAN.

THE wild simmer flowers on the banks o' the Girvan

Are bloomin' fu' sweetly, by valley and brae,

And balmy 's the breath o' the still dewy e'enin,

Whan the wee birds sing sweetly at close o' the day;

But fairer to me war the banks o' the Girvan,

Whan nae flowers bloomed sweet on the cauld frosty

lee—

Whan the chill wintry wins frae the bleak north war

blawin'—

For then I thocht Jessie was faithfu' to me.

How aft hae I met her at dawn or the gloamin,

To stray by the banks o' the clear winding stream—

How aft hae I pressed her wi' joy to my bosom,

An' kissed her red lips 'neath the mune's sillor beam!

But noo I walk lanely and dowie at gloamin,

For Jessie is faithless and cruel to me;

Though the flowers are in bloom, and the wee birds

are singing,

Alas! they nae langer sweet blithencss can gie.

KEEP THE CROWN O' THE CAWSEWAY.

GENTLE or semple, wha mind to do weel,
Nae matter what ills may annoy them;
Few though their frien's be, an' mony their faes,
The fruits o' guid deeds they enjoy them.
Wi' conscience at ease, an' uplifted brow,
They can gang by the vain and the saucy;
For honest men aye, whatever annoy,
Can keep the crown o' the cawseway.

A lord may be buskit in grand array,
Yet, if he should basely dissemble,
Whan honest men speak aye bauld and free,
At the simple truth he will tremble.
A leal-hearted man, though his lot be sma',
Is independent and gaucy;
For honest men aye, whatever annoy,
Can keep the crown o' the cawseway.

Gear never can bring the happiness
That lives in an honest bosom;
Vice never will thrive wi' rich nor puir,
But virtue for ever will blossom.
A coward's shame, and the fear of a slave,
Drives peace from the heart that is fause aye;
But honest men aye, whatever annoy,
Can keep the croun o' the cawseway.

I WINNA TINE HEART.

I WINNA tine heart, though my fortune is sma',
Though my frien's hae a' left me, my cronies an' a'—
Though the lassie is gane that was dear to my heart—
Let her gang wi' a benison, gin she can part.
I aye will be happy as lang as I can,
An' carena for ony vain woman or man;
Though frien'less, an' duped by a fause woman's art,
I'll sing and be merry—I winna tine heart.

The steeking o' ae door 's the opening o' twa;
When left by a fause frien' the loss is but sma';—
If honest oursel's, we far better will find
The faithfu' in heart and the noble in mind.
And the lassie, though fair, that is fickle to you,
Is unworthy the love of a fond heart that 's true;
Wi' a prayer o' thankfu'ness let her depart,
And sing and be merry, and dinna tine heart.

There 's aye as guid fish in the sea for a net
As ever were caught by a fisherman yet;
And as bonny sweet flowers are blossoming still
As ever were gathered by valley or hill;—
There 's gear to be won, and true frien's to be got,
And fair maids to share ilka honest chiel's lot;
Independently act aye a true manly part,
And sing and be merry, and dinna tine heart.

IT NICHT HAE BEEN WAUR.

IN our journey through life many evils we find,
To torture the body and trouble the mind;
But never let crosses your happiness mar—
O aye sing to cheer you, it micht hae been waur.

CHORUS.

It micht hae been waur,
It micht hae been waur;
O aye sing to cheer you,
It micht hae been waur.

If your cronies a' lea' you in trouble alane,
Be thankfu' and happy sic wretches are gane;
Let the sting o' a traitor ne'er lea' you an aur,
But sing aye to cheer you, it micht hae been waur.
It micht hae been waur, &c.

If fortune deceive you, an' poverty keen,
Unwelcomed taks quarters whar plenty has been,
Whan the vile carle 's dune a' the ills that he daur,
O aye sing to cheer you, it micht hae been waur.

It micht hae been waur, &c.

I ance had some siller, when it gaed awa
My frien's a' forsook me, my cronies an' a';
But the loss never gied my licht bosom a jar—
I aye sang and cheered me, it micht hae been waur.

It micht hae been waur, &c.

I ance had a wife, O she flate nicht and day,
I heeded her not, but was cheerfu' and gay;
Whan she left me an' fled wi' a drucken hussar,
I aye sang and cheered me, it micht hae been waur.

It micht hae been waur, &c.

Let contentment aye sweeten your trouble and care,
An' laugh at blin' fortune, though plaekless and bare;

He 's worse than a coward—ay, meaner by far—
That sings nae to cheer him, it micht hae been waur.
It micht hae been waur,
It micht hae been waur;
That sings nae to cheer him,
It micht hae been waur.

"THERE 'S AYE A GUID WAY TO GET
THROUGH."

AMANG a' the losses an' crosses
Blin' fortune in life leads us to,
If we honestly try to do weel,
There 's aye a guid way to get through.

O! what is the use o' complainin'
Frae mornin' to e'en at our lot?
If we want to be happy, why, let us
Be contented wi' what we hae got.
Amang a' the losses an' crosses, &c.

If we hae but little to boast o',
The less to this warld we're tied;
An' we'll ne'er need to grieve at the loss
O' riches we ne'er had to guide.
Amang a' the losses an' crosses, &c.

If a' should at times gang against us,
Ae moment in grief we'll ne'er spen';
For though fortune be playing her warst,
She soon may befrien' us again.
Amang a' the losses and crosses, &c.

In the warld we've sunshine an' darkness,
The morrow aye dawns on the nicht,
And sae, through the gloom o' misfortune,
Hope aye sheds her cheerisome licht.

Amang a' the losses an' crosses,
Blin' fortune in life leads us to,
If we honestly try to do weel,
There 's aye a guid way to get through.

"I NOO MAUN TELL YOU WHAT I THINK."

"I NOO maun tell you what I think: ye surely are to
blame,

To gang an' drink, an' lea' your wife, wi' hungry weans,
at hame:

O Willie, ye are no the man ye aften vowed to be,
Whan I left a father's happy hame to try the warld
wi' thee;—

Ye aften said that happiness wad crown our lot through
life,

If I wad gae my heart an' haun to be your loving wife;
But ye hae noo nae love for me, ye naething loo but
drink,—

It brings the saut tears to my e'e to tell you what I
think.

"I left a fu' an' happy ha' to share your humble cot,
And tho' poortith was aye our guest, ye ken I mur-
mured not;

For, tho' our hearth was aften cauld an' desolate to see,
I was content—resigned to share the warld's frowns
wi' thee:

And aften whan my heart was sad I wore for thee a
smile,

Thy dreary hours o' gloomy care an' sorrow to beguile;
But ye hae noo nae love for me, ye naething loo but
drink,—

It brings the saut tears to my e'e to tell you what I
think.

“Whan, sick and helpless wi' disease, in agony ye lay—
Whan a' thy frien's deserted thee, I watched thee nicht
an' day—

I tended thee wi' tenderness, for thou wast a' to me—
I pitied, wept, and tried to soothe, an' prayed to heaven
for thee:

But noo thou hast deserted me, an' nights an' days
alane

I sit in weary solitude, beside a cauld hearth-stane;
Your love is noo a' echanged frae me, ye naething loo
but drink,—

It brings the saut tears to my e'e to tell you what I
think.

"My Willie! oh! my Willie, dear! if ocht o' love
remains,

Tak pity on your weeping wife an' pair wee duddy
weans;

Ye little ken the agony that 's aften felt by me,
Whan our wee bairnies greet for *bread* an' I hae nane
to gie."

"O dry your tears, my loving wife, ye're speaking
words o' pain,—

I'll mak a vow, an' keep it too, to be mysel' again;—
Oh! pardon me, my injured wife, nae langer I will
drink,—

An' dinna drive me to despair by telling what you
think."

THE GREEN WUDS O' BARGANY.

THE simmer's awa,

Whan the wee birds war singing—

Whan the breeze frae the flowers

Sweetest perfume was bringing;

Whan I hied through the glen,

Sae blithe to meet my Jeanie,

'Neath the clear siller mune,

In the green wuds o' Bargany.

The autumn has come,

An' the wild wins are blowing—

The leaf frae aff the tree

On the cauld grun is fa'ing;

An' I hae left my hame,

An' my kind-hearted Jeanie,

To wander far awa

Frae the green wuds o' Bargany.

An' I am lonely noo,
 My throbbing heart is weary;
 I wander an exile
 Far frae my faithfu' dearie;
 But sune I will return,
 An' in raptures meet my Jeanie
 Again, beneath the mune,
 In the green wuds o' Bargany.

FAIR DECEIVER, THOU HAST LEFT ME.

AIR—"Isle of beauty, fare-thee-well."

FAIR deceiver, thou hast left me,—

All my hopes why thus destroy?

Wherefore hast thou *now* bereft me

Of all happiness and joy?

Insincerely thou hast spoken—

Ah! alas, it was not well!

Every vow by thee is broken—

Fickle fair one, fare-thee-well!

Happy flew the hours of pleasure,

When with thee what bliss to me;

The world had no richer treasure,

All my soul was filled with thee.

Ah! too dearly I have loved thee,

More than words can ever tell;

I would I never false had proved thee—

Fickle fair one, fare-thee-well!

Wherefore wast thou so deceiving
To a heart too full of love?
Fondly all thy vows believing,
Often sworn by heaven above.
False one! long I will regret thee—
Long in memory shalt thou dwell:
O, I would I could forget thee—
Fickle fair one, fare-thee-well!

FAIR ELIZA.

FAIR ELIZA, loveliest flower
That ever bloomed in beauty's bower!
Thou art fairer to mine eye
Than all the charms of earth and sky;
And dearer to my constant heart
Than all life's pleasures can impart.

Fair Eliza, when thou first
On my wondering vision burst,
Like the silver queen of night,
Out-shining every lesser light,—
In that happy, fleeting hour,
First I knew Love's magic power.

Ah! fair Eliza, time ne'er heals
All that the lovelorn wretched feels;
Ne'er can eternity subdue
The love that fills my heart for you.
In my soul thine image fair
Is for ever graven there.

I'M FAR FRAE HER I FAIRLY LOO.

I'm far frae her I fairly loo,
An' O! my heart is sair;
For weirdings aften fill my min'
I ne'er sall see her mair.
Nae blitheness noo lights up my heart,
As in the days of yore,
Whan I sae happy wandered aft
By Carrick's rocky shore.

The heather-bells are blossomin'
Fu' sweetly on the lee—
The laverock, muntin' i' the lift,
Is warblin' merrily;—
I ance could gaily mark the flowers—
That winsome time is o'er;
For her, I loo is far frae me,
On Carrick's rocky shore.

The sweet sangs o' the chirmin' birds
Aft filled my heart wi' glee;
The mavis' mellow e'enin' sang
Brocht gladness aye to me;—
But oh! that winsome time is gane,
My lightsome days are o'er,
And joylessly I wander far
Frae Carrick's rocky shore.

MONEY IS SKILL.

Mr auld father dee't, and left me twa guid mallins,
 Whan I was a youngster wi' nane to direct me;
 I had mony fauts and I had mony failin's,
 But a' bodies roun' did caress and respect me.
 They telt me I had meikle knowledge and skill;
 I settled disputes between buyers and sellers;
 At rouns I was judge, and at fairs, o'er a gill,
 My advice was aye wanted by coupers and dealers.

The priest when he met me aye shook my haun,
 Was canty to see me and hoped I was healthy;
 I gaed haun for nieve wi' the best in the lan',
 For ilka ane thocht I was marvellous wealthy;
 My frien's and relations in scores cam' to see me,
 Their love was sae strong for lang weeks they
 would tarry;

Young widows and belles were aye blithe to flirt
wi' me,

And auld mithers coaxed and advised me to marry.

Ilk ane wanting siller cam' to me to borrow,

As lang as I had it I ne'er did gainsay them;

I believed their lang tales o' misfortune and sorrow,

And signed a' their bills, but they left me to pay
them.

Wi' spending and lending I soon ran in debt,

In twa-three short towmonts I hadna a penny;

And I heard by their crack, when my creditors met,

I had lost a' my skill, if I ever had any.

They roup'd a' my gear and cast me into jail,

Whar I starved for sax weeks wi' nae ane to be-
friend me;

The priest, my great crony, refused me his bail,

But prayed that the grace o' kind heaven would
attend me:

Wi' a lang serious face he gied me an advice—

To him I had aft been a generous lender—

To fash him nae mair, as it would not be wise

, Were he to befriend a poor neer-do-weel spender.

But, thanks to kind fortune, she smiled sweet again;

My walthy auld uncle, the Laird o' Drummeller—

Lang rest to his ashes, in life he had nane—

Took colic and dee't, and left me a' his siller;

And noo I'm respected, and hope to be sae,

My neighbours discover I've gat a' my skill again—

They flatter, I laugh—they seek cash, I say nay—

I'd soon loss my skill if my *frien's* gat their will
again.

